



THE ^{NEW} MAGAZINE OF WEIRD HUMOR!

20¢
NO. 3 FEB.
30610



PLOP!

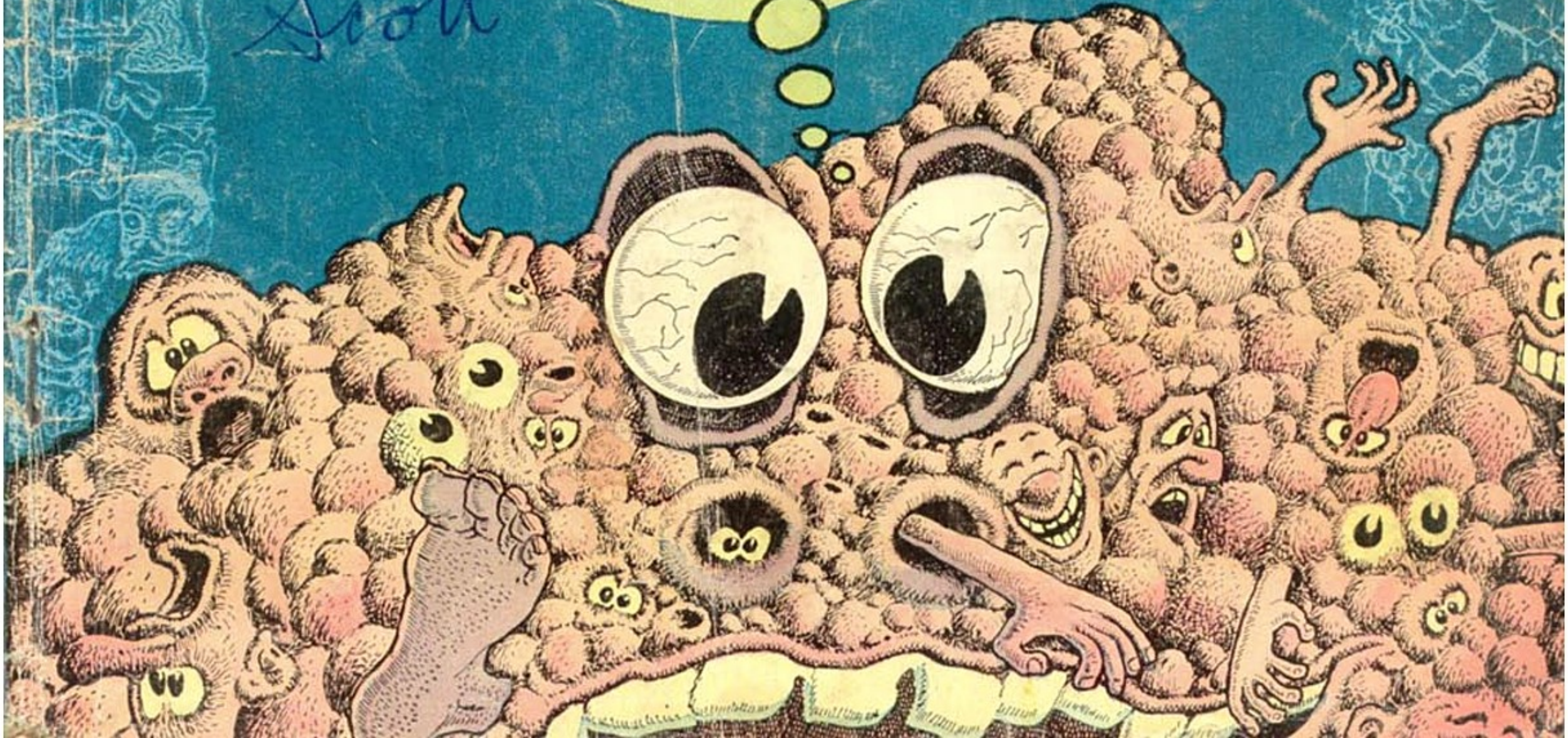
*Scott
Young*

PLOP!

PLOP!

PLOP!

Scott



CARMINE INFANTINO—PUBLISHER OF

PLOP!

ZA-158

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Bill Draut George Kashdan

Basil Wolverton Victor Schwartzman

(and anybody else we can get to work for us cheap!)

present the . . .

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to help you finally figure what PLOP means 1

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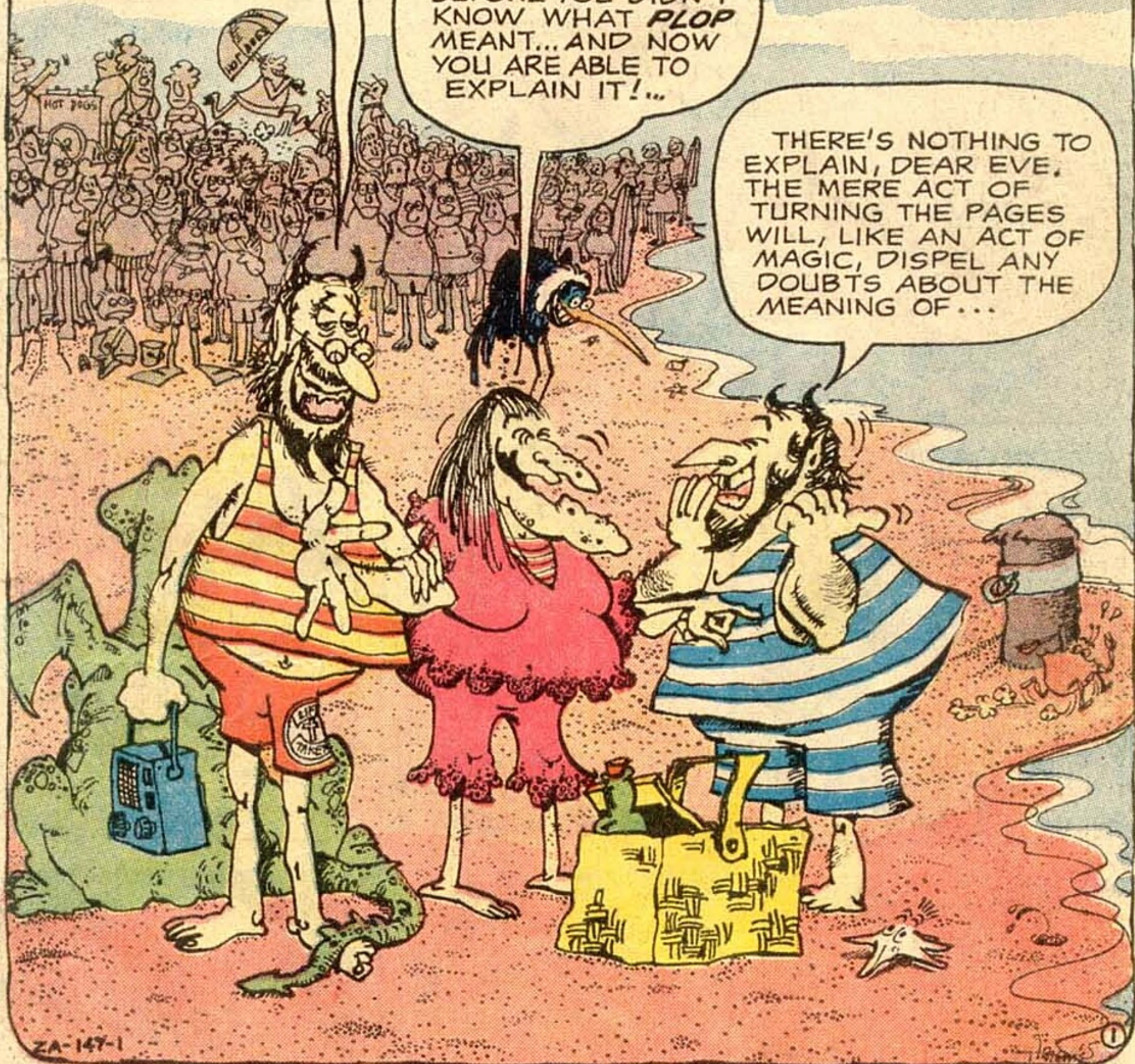
WELCOME TO THE **THIRD** ISSUE OF **PLOP!** YOU PLOPPERS OUT THERE WHO HAVE READ OUR FIRST TWO ISSUES KNOW WHAT **PLOP** IS ALL ABOUT! AS FOR YOU GUYS WHO MISSED OUT ON COLLECTORS' ITEM FUN ISSUES ONE AND TWO...**LISTEN CAREFULLY...**

IN THIS WORLD THERE EXIST **DUMB-BELLS** AND **PLOPPERS**. **PLOP** IS WHAT HAPPENS TO DUMBBELLS. THERE IS A VERY FINE LINE BETWEEN DUMBBELLS AND PLOPPERS. SOMETIMES THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEING A DUMBBELL OR A PLOPPER IS KNOWING WHAT **PLOP** IS. FOR YOU NEWCOMERS, MY BROTHER ABEL WILL REVEAL THE **STUPENDOUS** SECRET OF

PLOP!

HOW ABOUT THAT! BEFORE YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHAT **PLOP** MEANT... AND NOW YOU ARE ABLE TO EXPLAIN IT!...

THERE'S NOTHING TO EXPLAIN, DEAR EVE. THE MERE ACT OF TURNING THE PAGES WILL, LIKE AN ACT OF MAGIC, DISPEL ANY DOUBTS ABOUT THE MEANING OF...



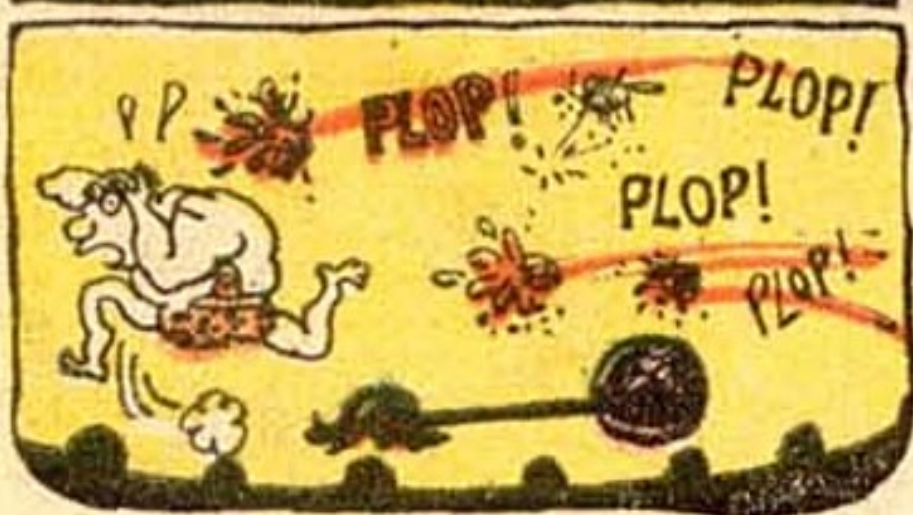
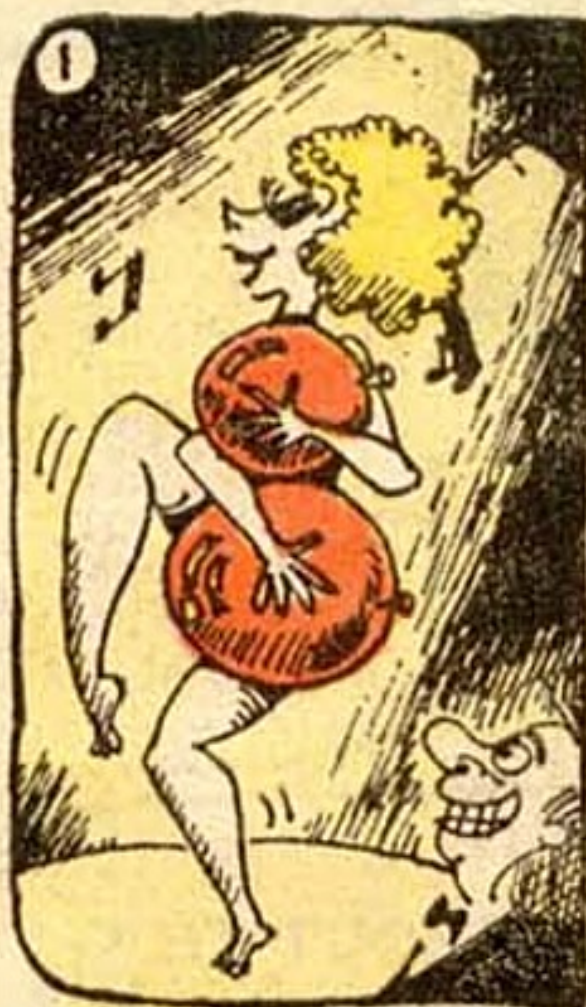
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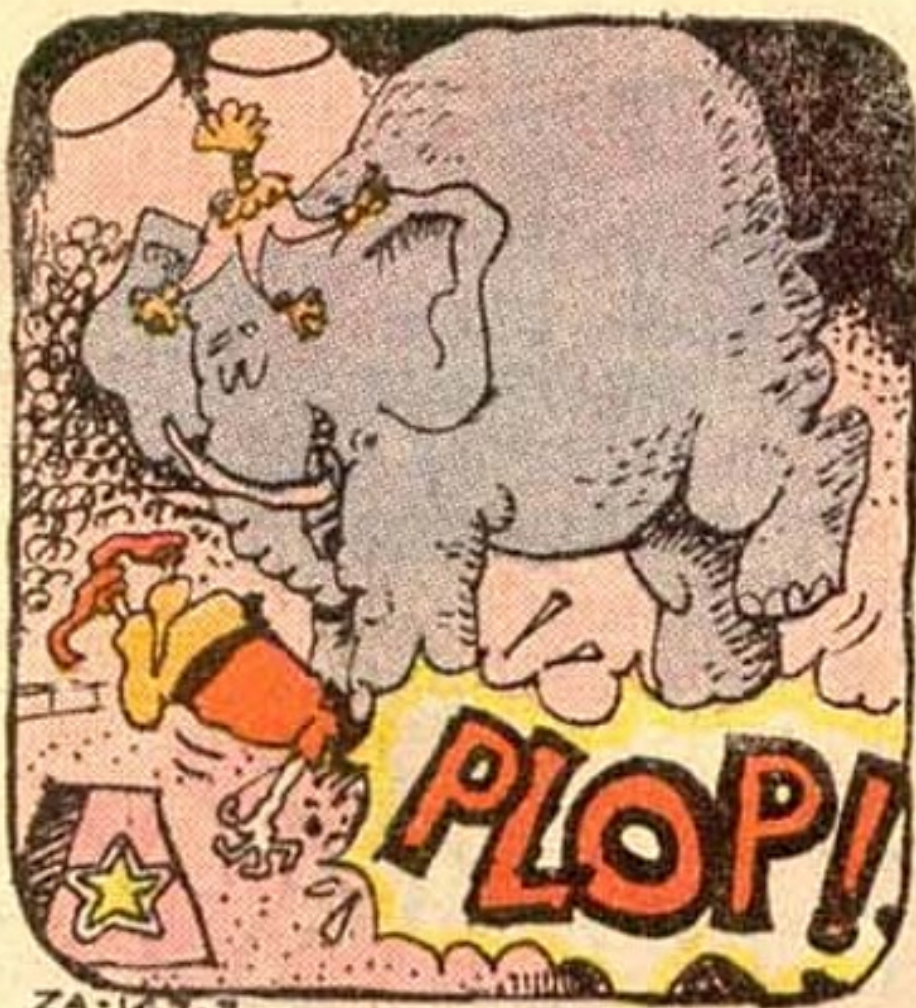
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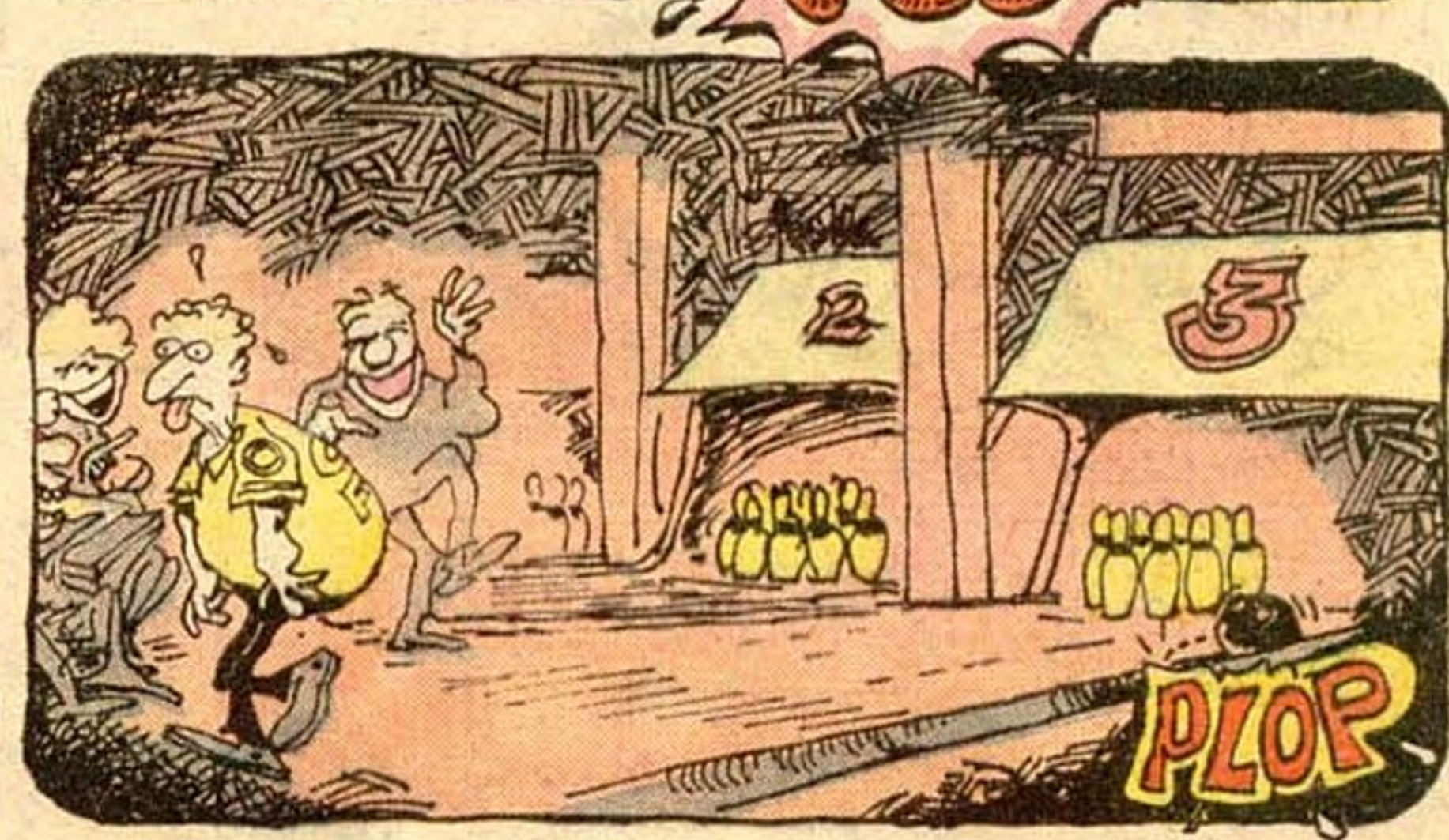
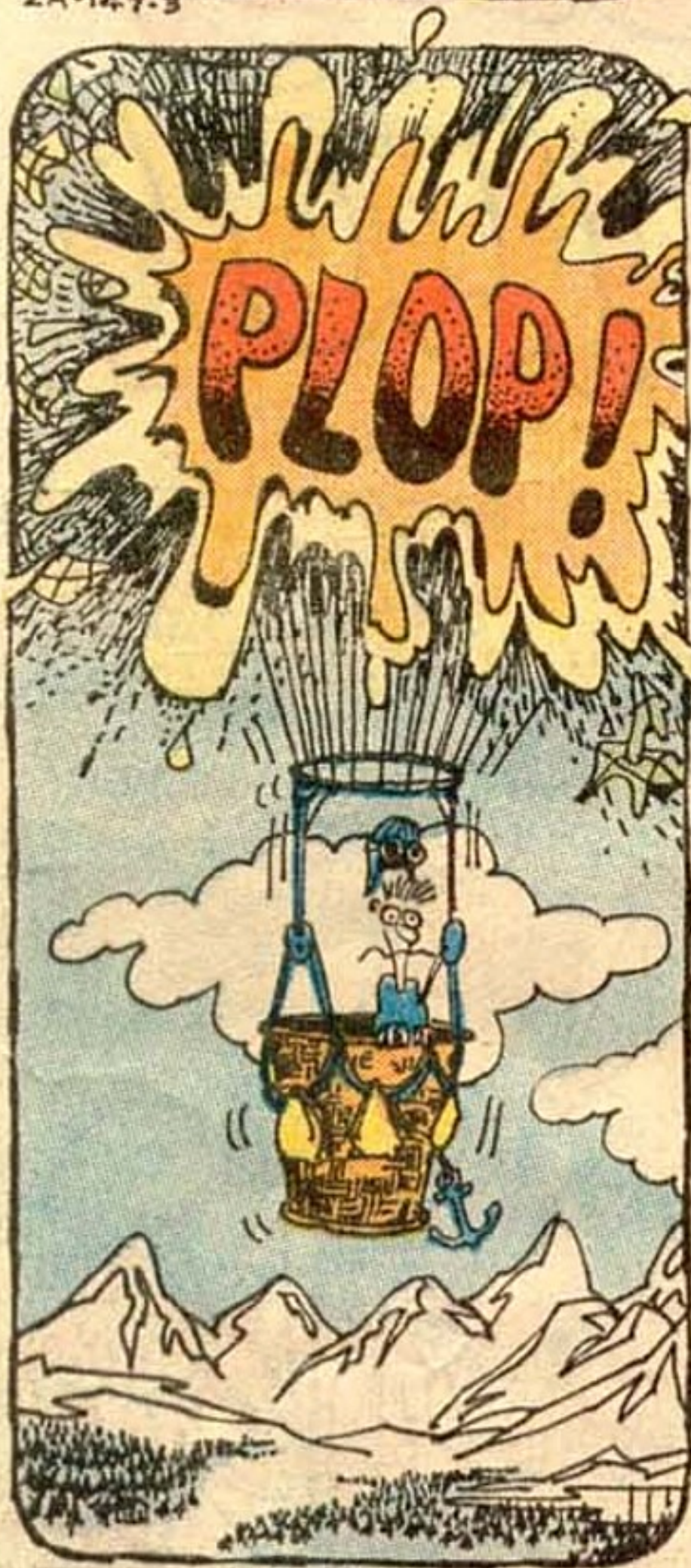


ZA-147-2





ZA-147-3





I LOOK LIKE A MESS, RIGHT? WELL, I'M A NATURAL BORN SLOB. WHICH REMINDS ME OF SCHMIDT... SCHMIDT THE DRY CLEANER. WHENEVER SCHMIDT RETURNED HIS CUSTOMERS' CLOTHES WITHOUT BUTTONS HE GOT A...

BELLY LAUGH

SCRIPT: MAXENE FABE / ART: BILL DRAUT

RUDOLF SCHMIDT WAS JUST A TYPICAL DRY CLEANER WHO RELIGIOUSLY OBSERVED THE DRY CLEANERS' CREDO...

I DON'T OPEN TILL **NINE** O'CLOCK!

SO STOP MAKING ALL THAT RACKET!
CHUCKLE
CHUCKLE

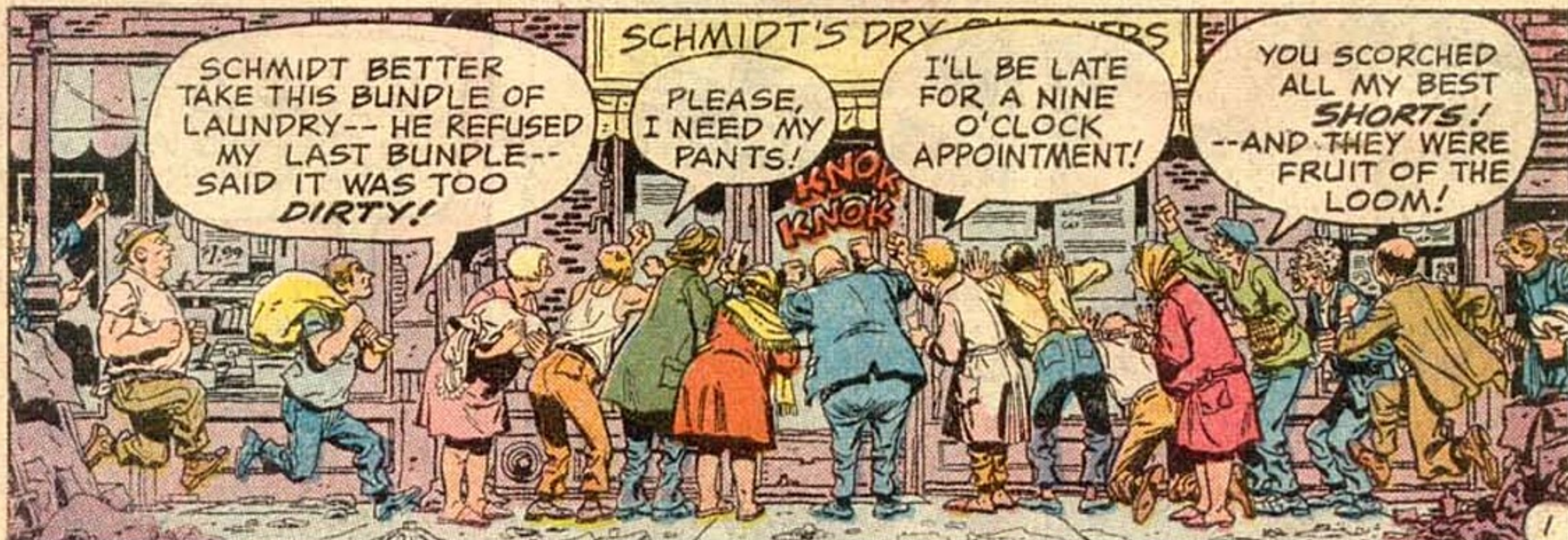
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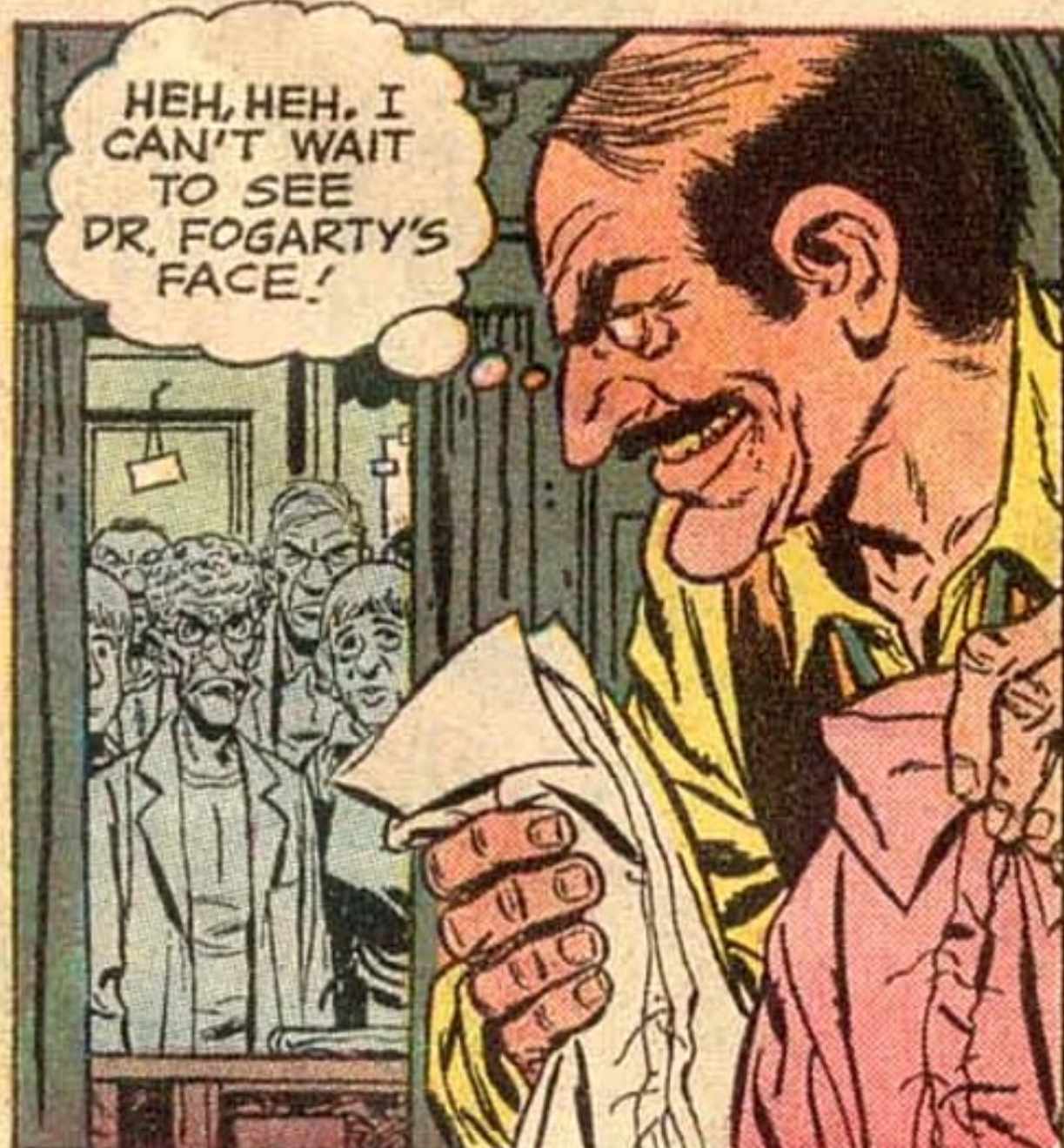
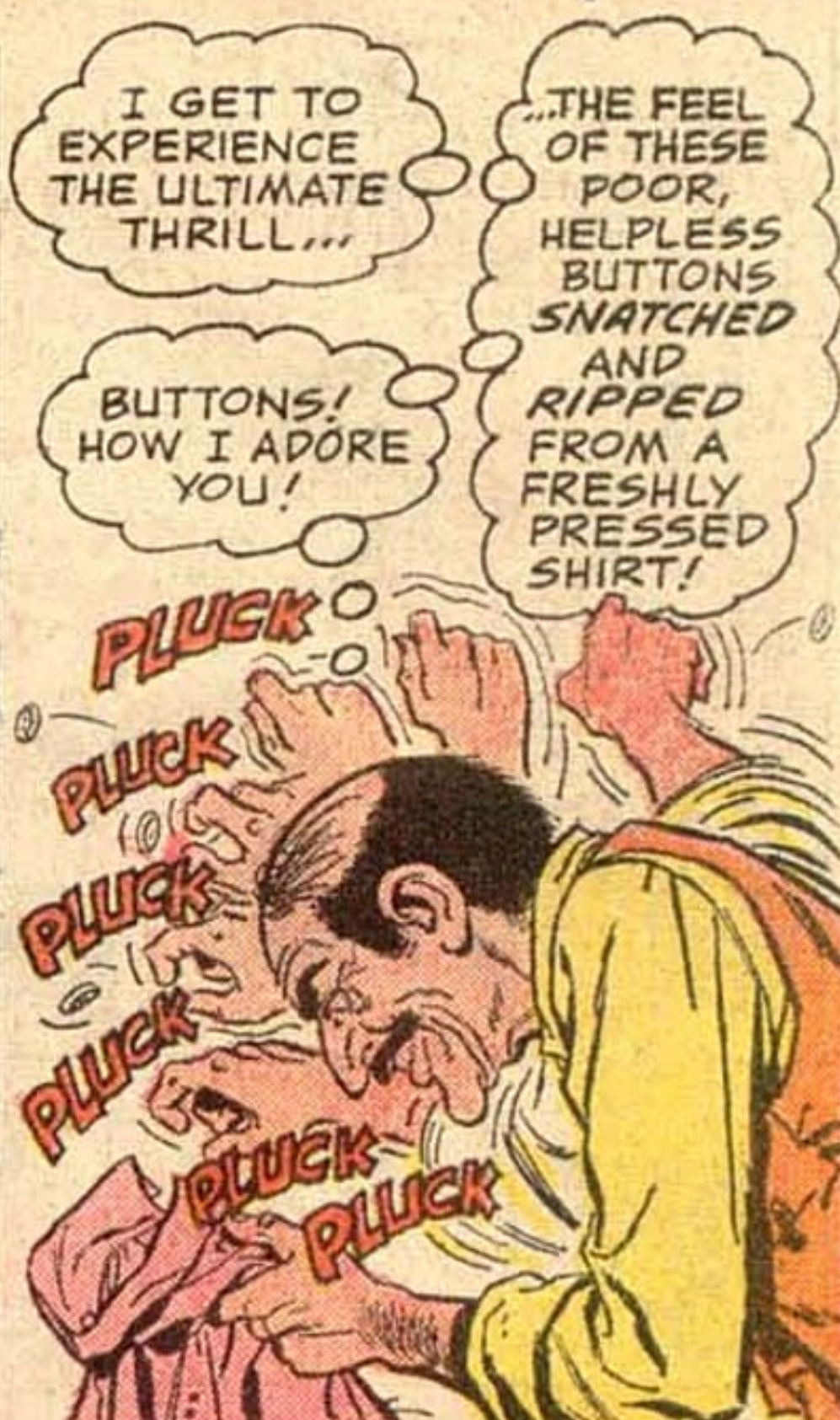
OPEN UP!
I'LL BE LATE FOR WORK!

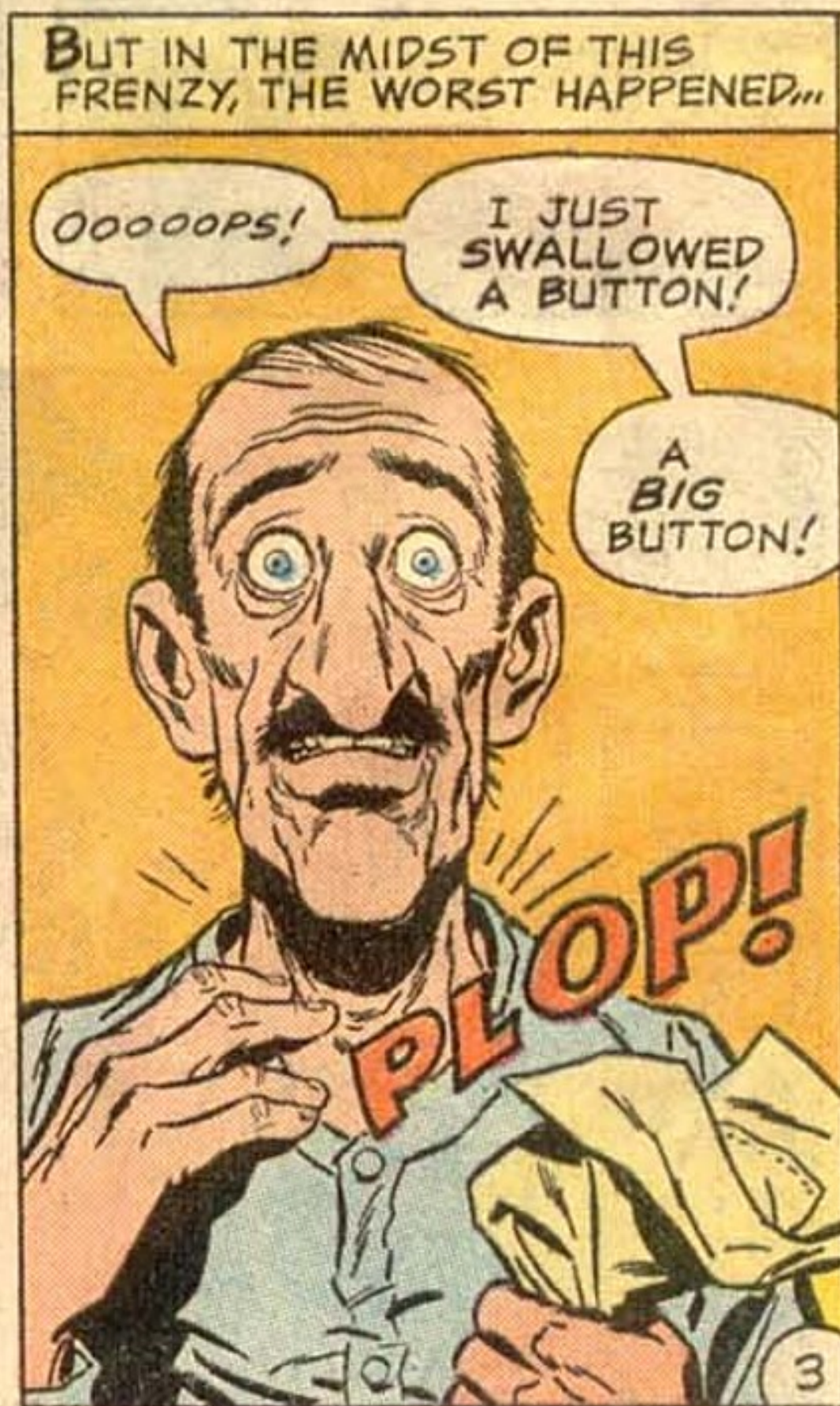
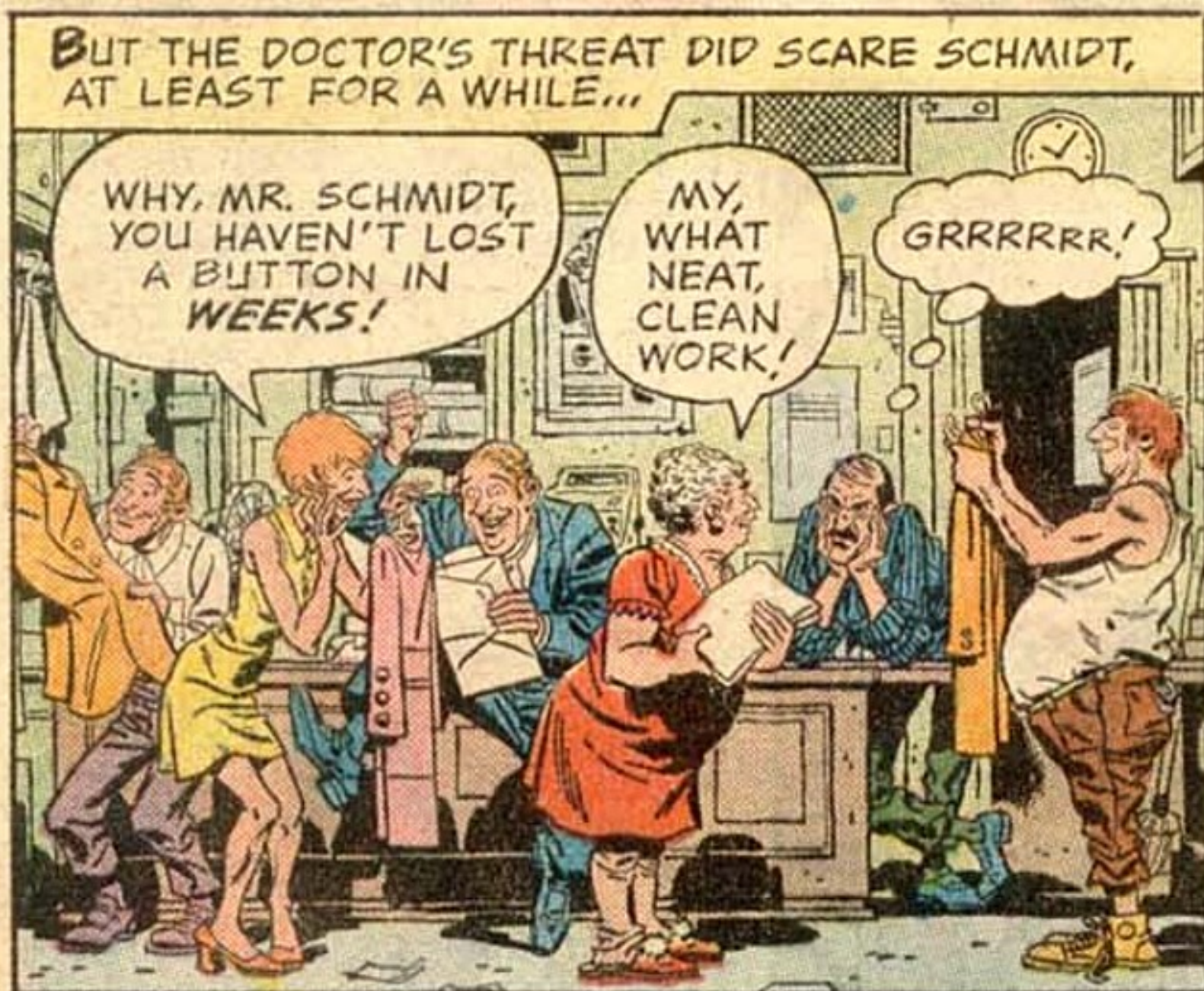
**KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK!
POUND
POUND!**



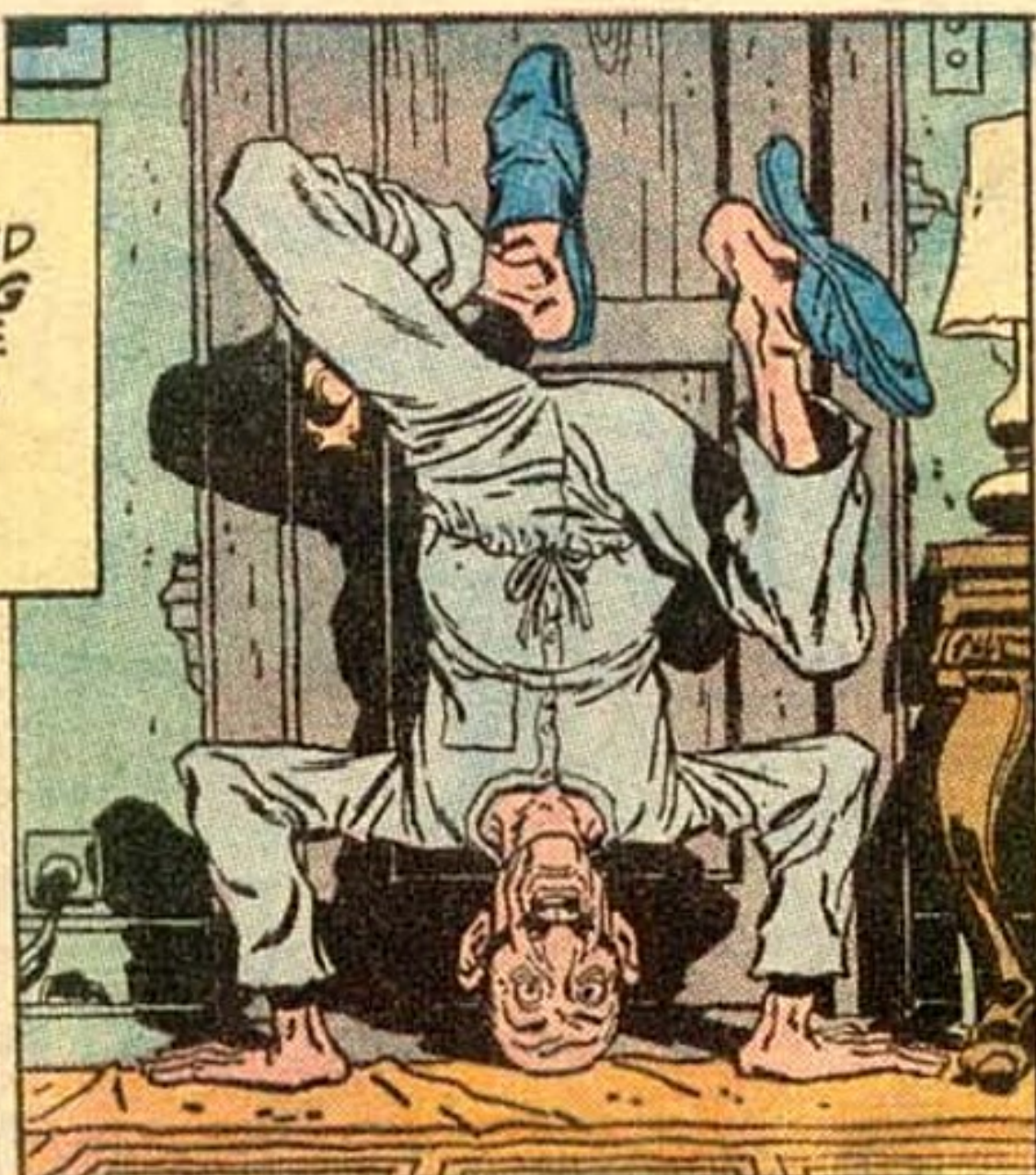
J-1860







THAT NIGHT, SCHMIDT TRIED **EVERYTHING** TO DISLODGE THE BUTTON, FOR HE WAS VERY WORRIED...



MAYBE THIS (GAG) WILL DISSOLVE THE BUTTON!



NOTHING WORKED... BUT THE CLEANER'S IMAGINATION WORKED OVERTIME...



SCHMIDT THOUGHT HE WAS DYING, BUT IN THE MORNING HE TRIED TO BE BRAVE...



THEN SUDDENLY...



I-- I SWALLOWED... NO! I'D RATHER DIE THAN HAVE YOU FIND OUT...

TELL ME! I'M A SURGEON!



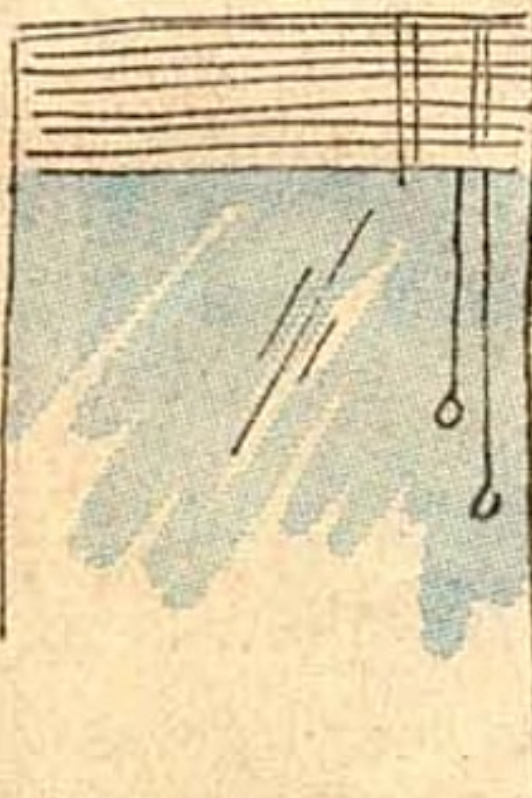
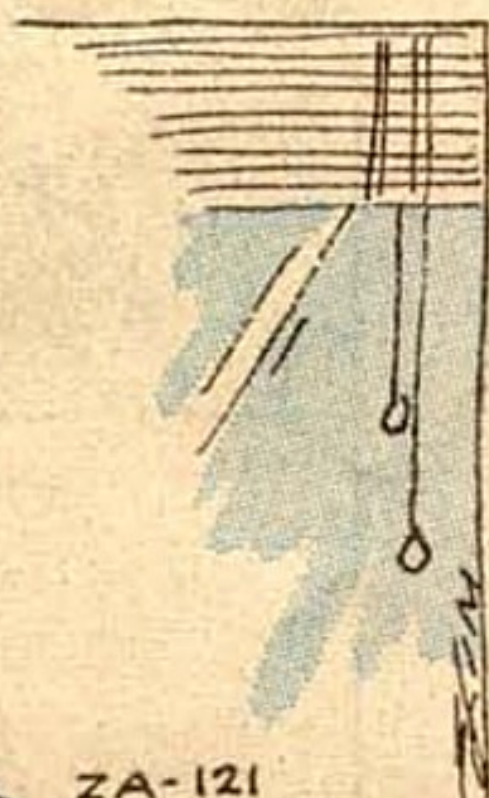
HE'S UNCONSCIOUS!



P L O O P S



MR. COLLINS, DID I TELL YOU
THAT THE JANITOR OILED THE
CASTERS ON YOUR CHAIR?

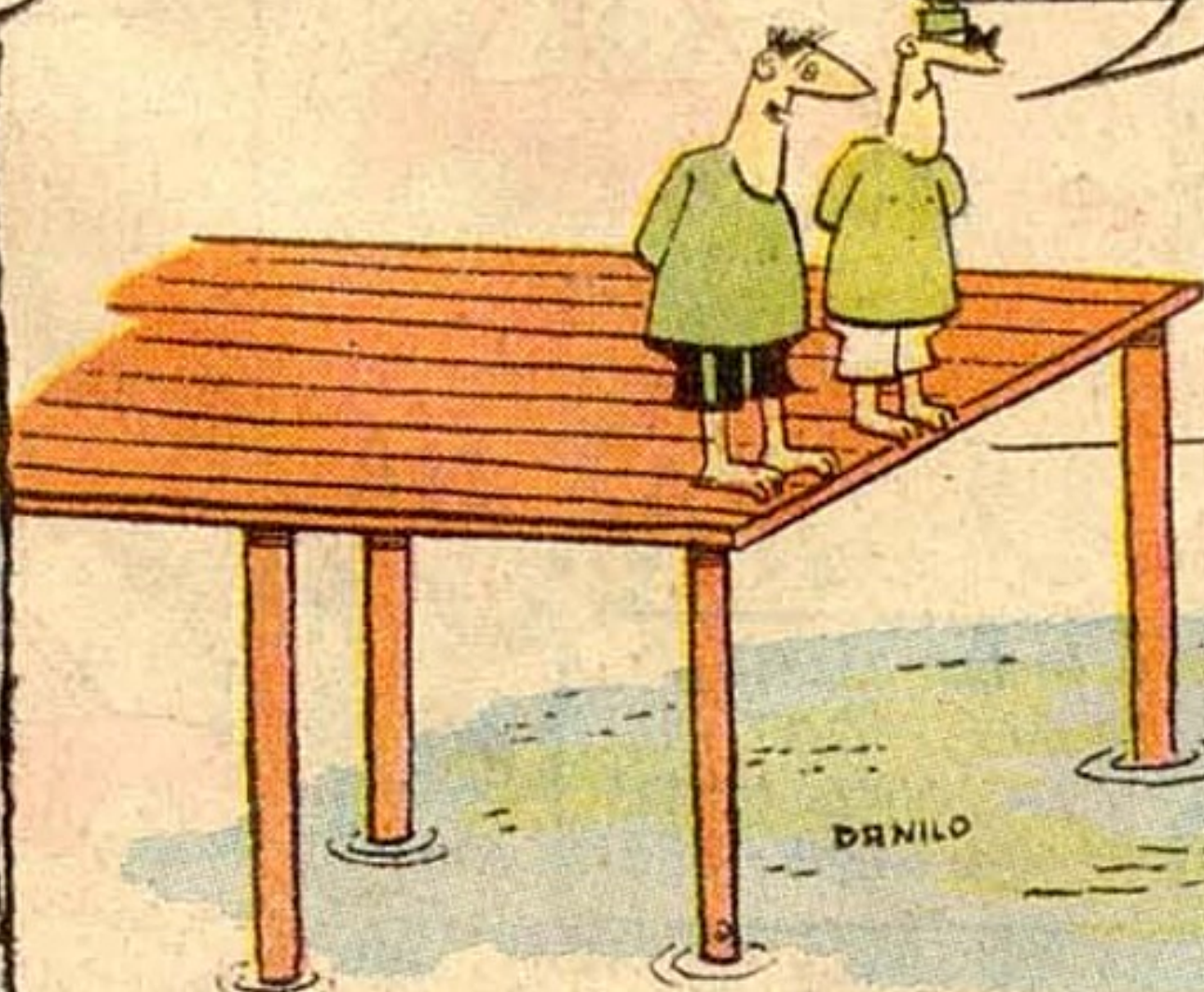


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...FROM TAILORS,
TO EXECUTIVES
TO LOVERS,
THEY'RE ALL
AROUND US!
HEE! HEE!

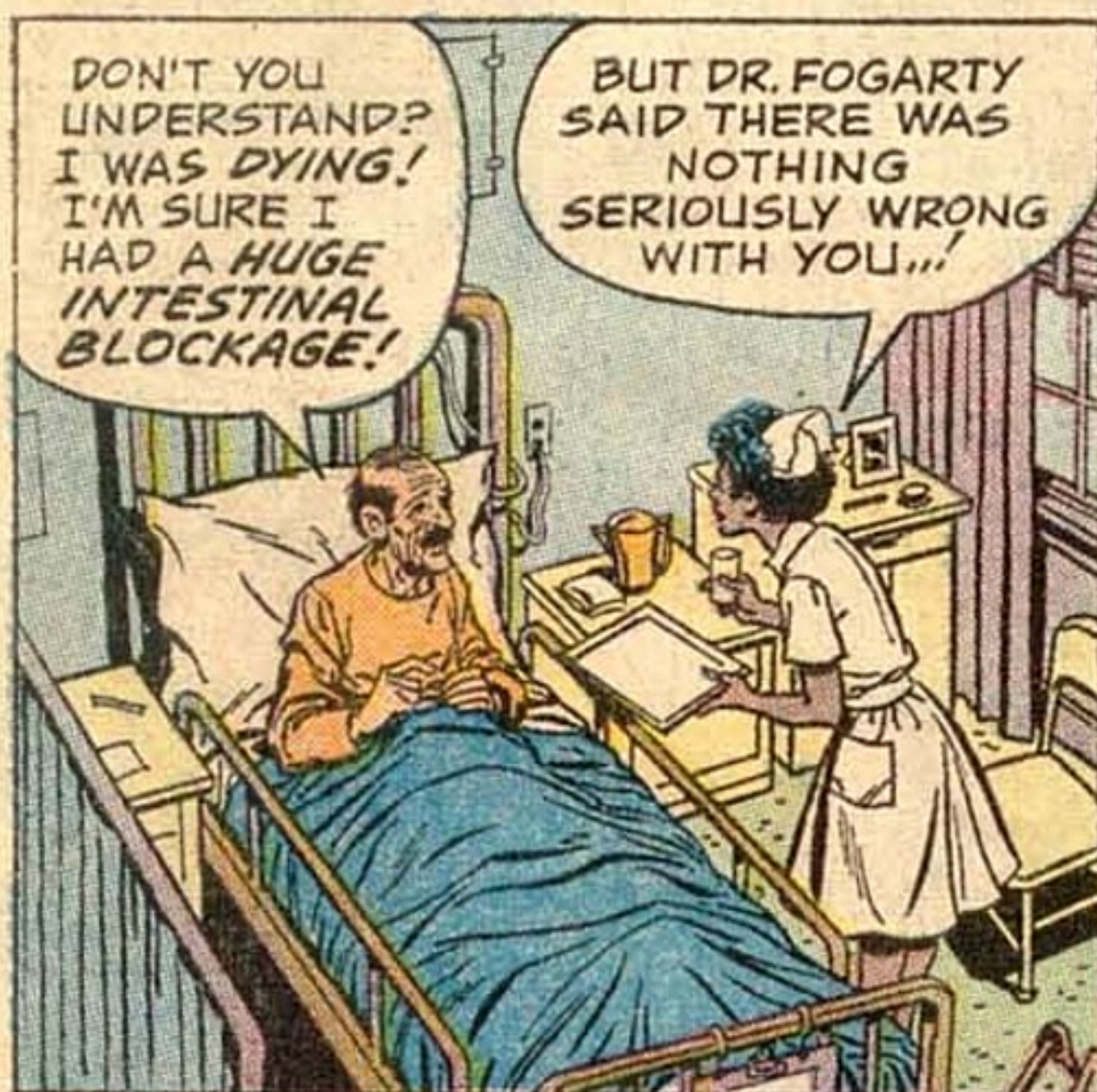
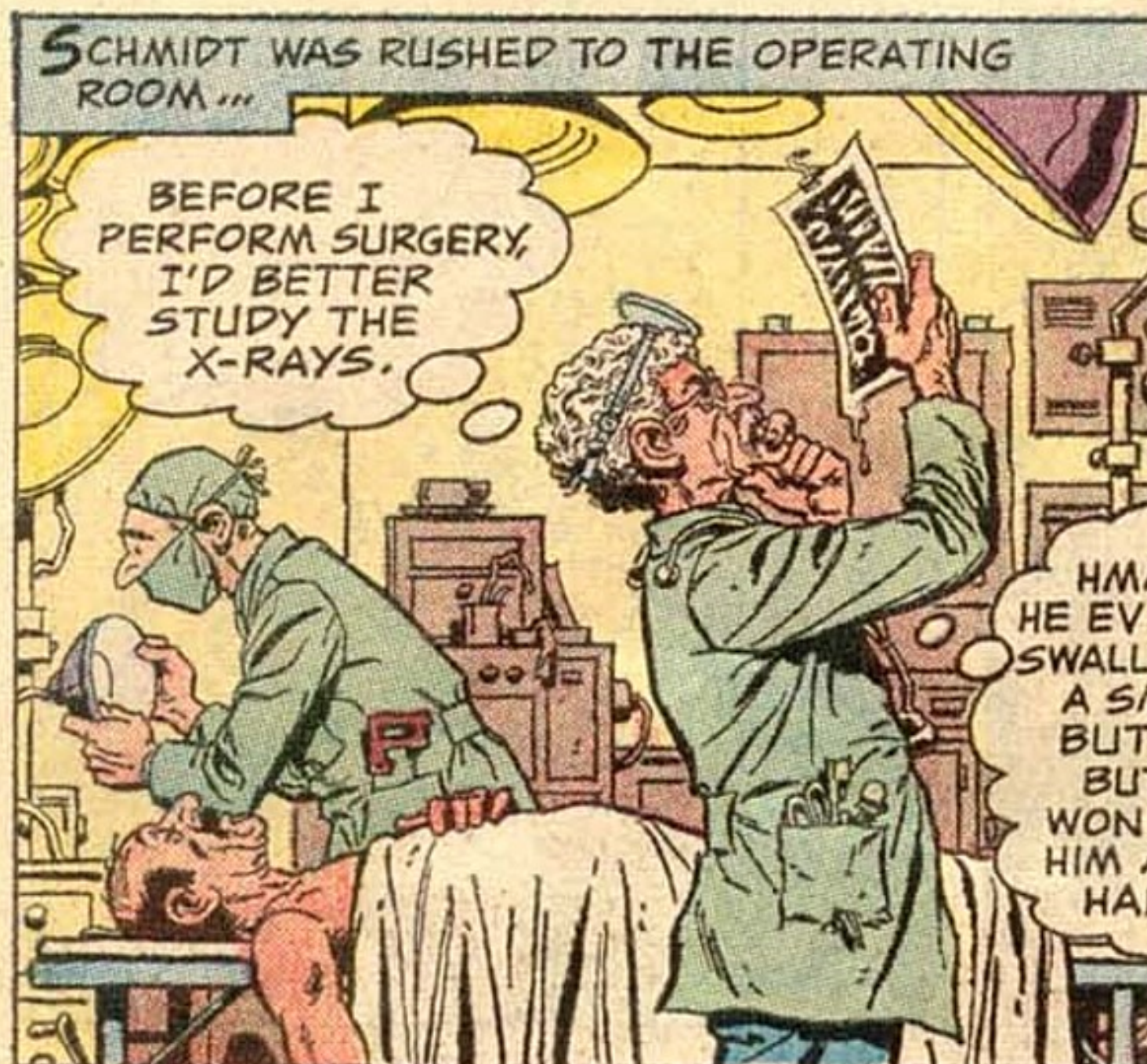


HE WON'T COME UP-- I
THINK HE'S ANGRY BECAUSE
WE TIED THAT HUGE STONE
TO HIS NECK!



DRNILO

ZA-24



SOMETHING BIG IS COMING FROM DC IN '74

PLOP!

NO!
FRIEND,
DON'T
JUMP!



ZA-68

WHEW!
GOT HERE
JUST IN TIME!



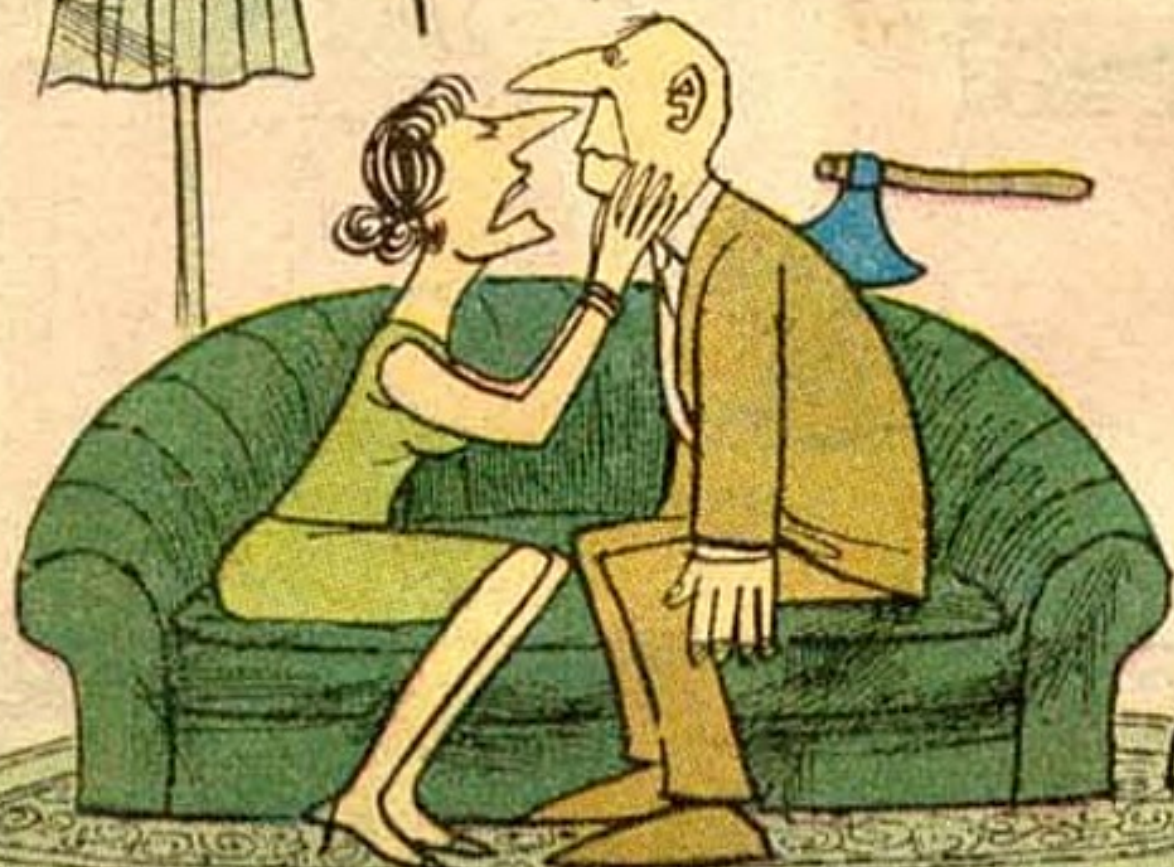
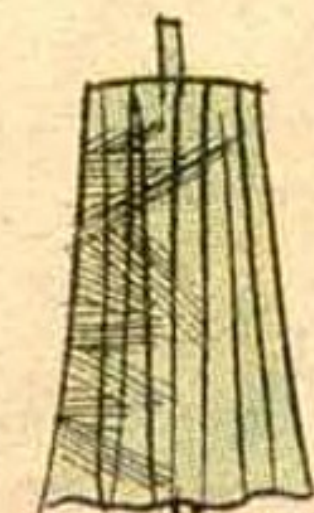
O.K.
JUST MAKE
SURE YOU COME
STRAIGHT DOWN!



POOR MAN--
ALMOST GOT HIS
CAR WRECKED!
HEE! HEE! HEE!



DARLING! WHY
SO COLD ALL
OF A SUDDEN?



ZA-155



TWO HEADS ARE
BETTER THEN ONE?
...SOMETIMES!
HEH...HEH...HEH!



ZA-22

LET'S MAKE NO
BONES ABOUT
IT-- GETTING
YOUR CAR FIXED
TODAY IS A
LIFETIME
PLOPOSITION!



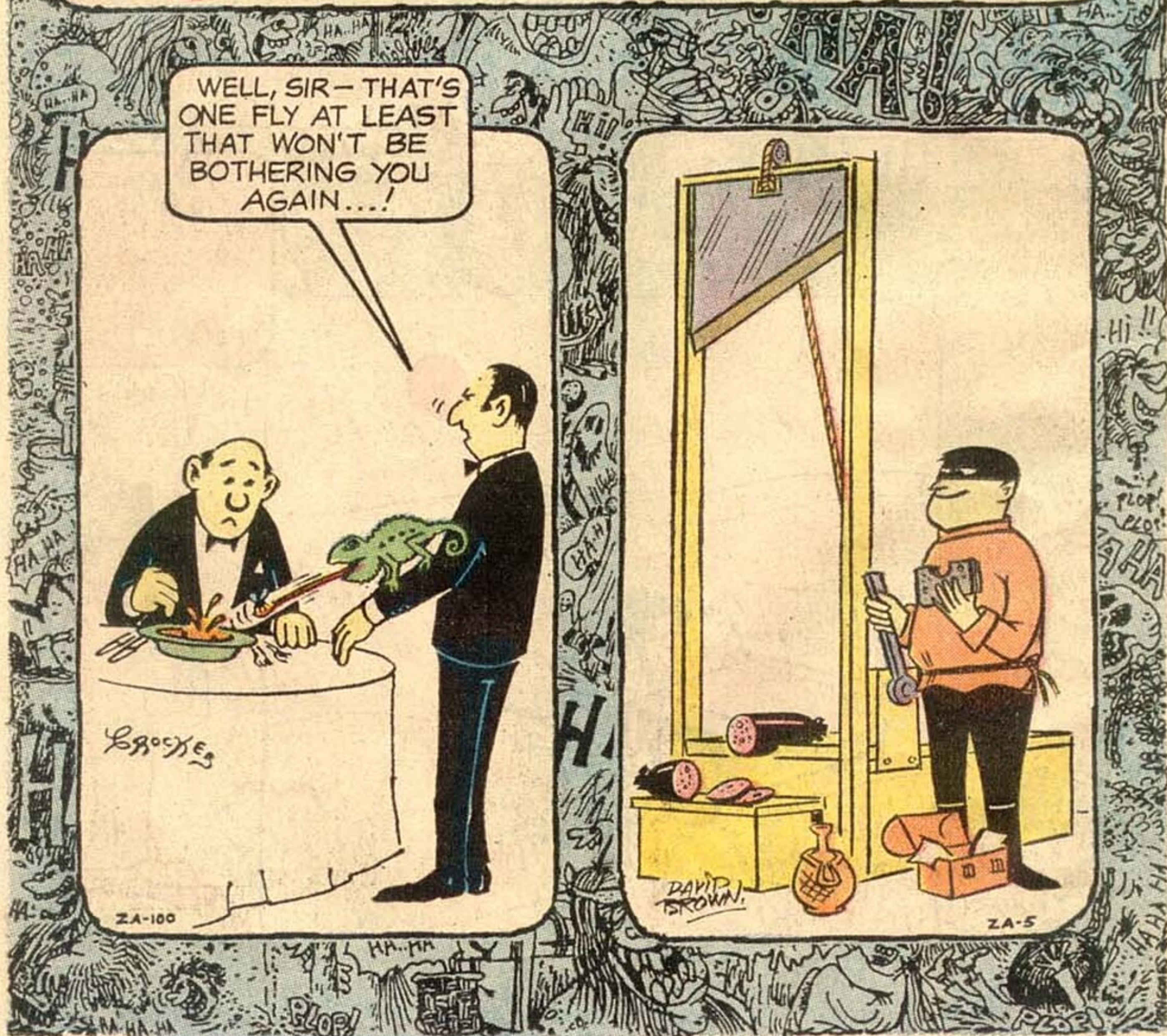
ZA-23

de CARLO





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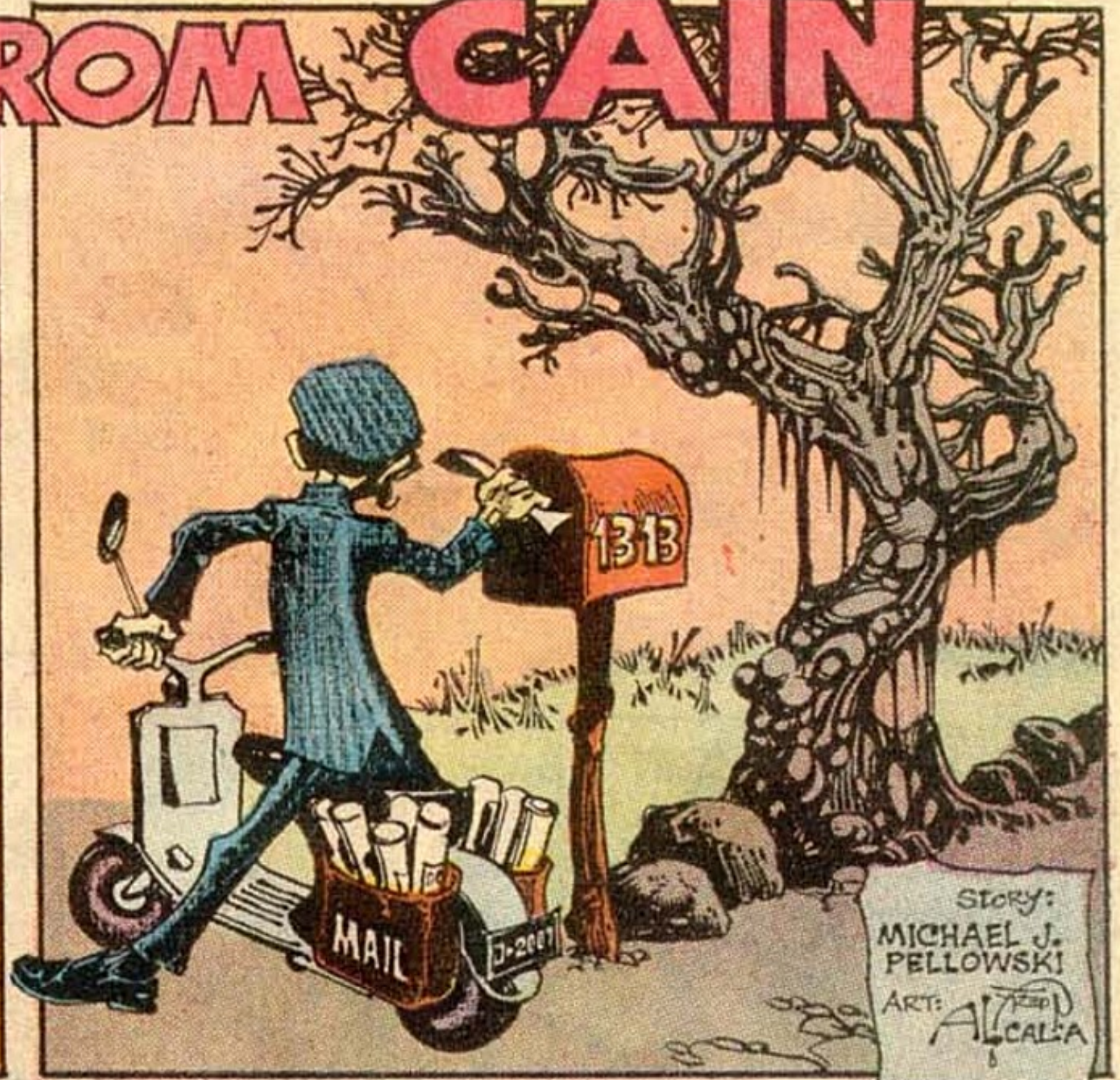
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DAVID BROWN

ZA-5

WHERE DO *PLOP* SCRIPTS
COME FROM? WHAT TYPE
OF PERSON WRITES *PLOP*
SCRIPTS? HOW DO NEW
FREE LANCERS FEEL
WHEN THEY GET...

A REJECTION FROM CAIN





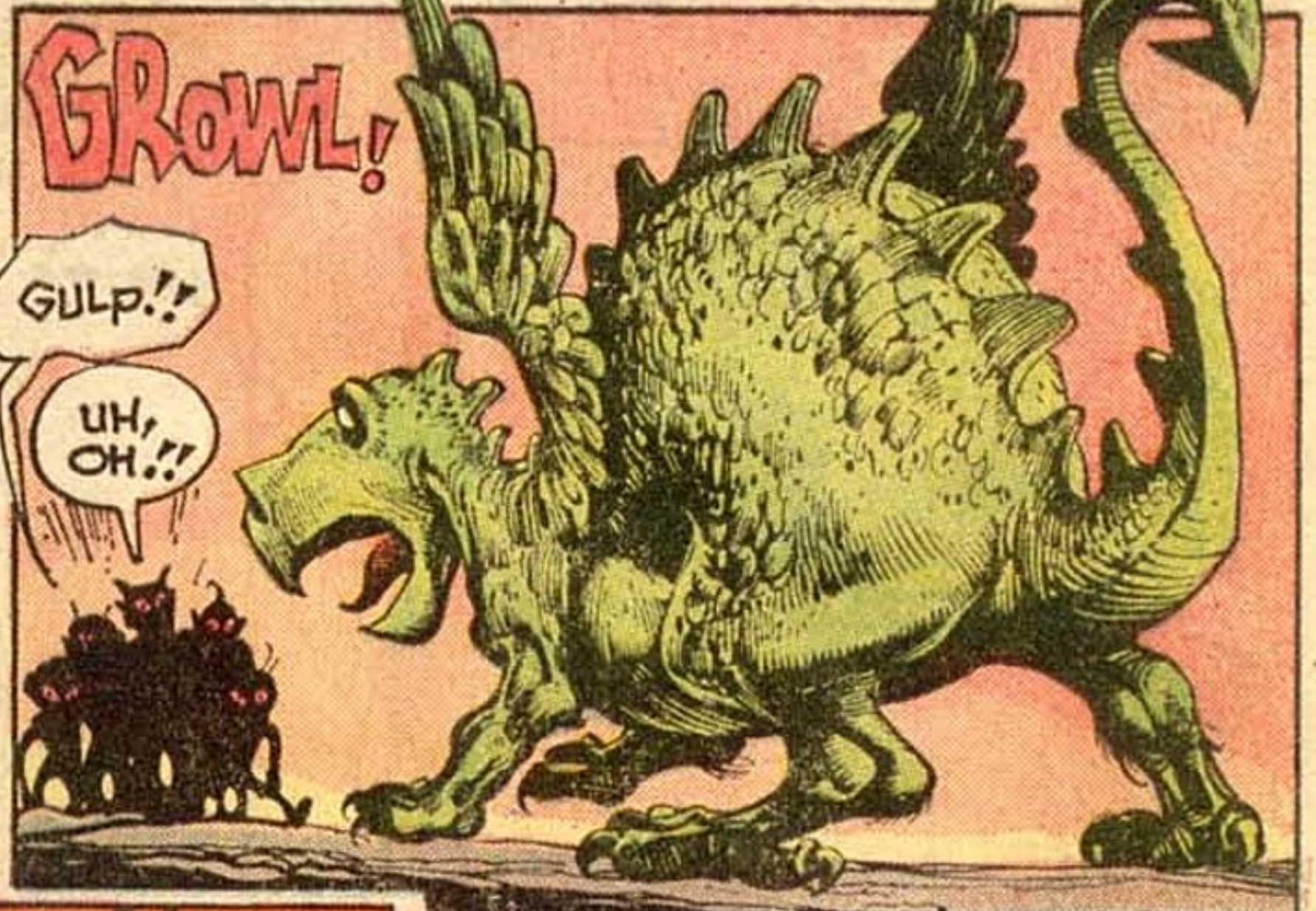
DEAR MR. SEMBRALL, WE REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT AFTER CAREFUL CONSIDERATION, WE HAVE DECIDED TO RETURN YOUR SCRIPT. WE'RE SORRY TO SAY THAT IT REALLY WASN'T SCARY OR FUNNY. SINCERELY, CAIN, MASTER OF PLOP!



WHO DOES THIS CAIN GUY THINK HE IS?

I HAVE FRIENDS IN THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS!!



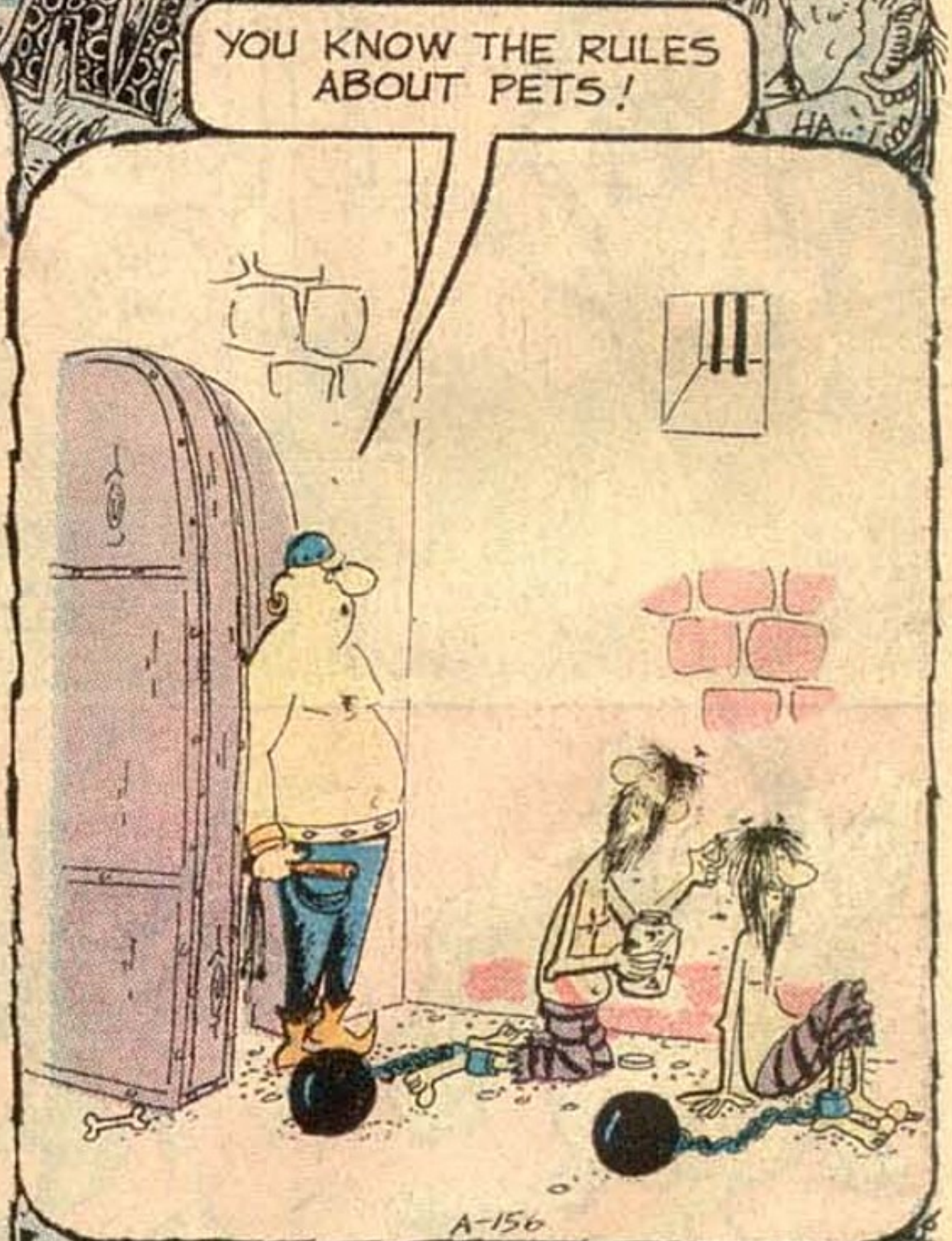
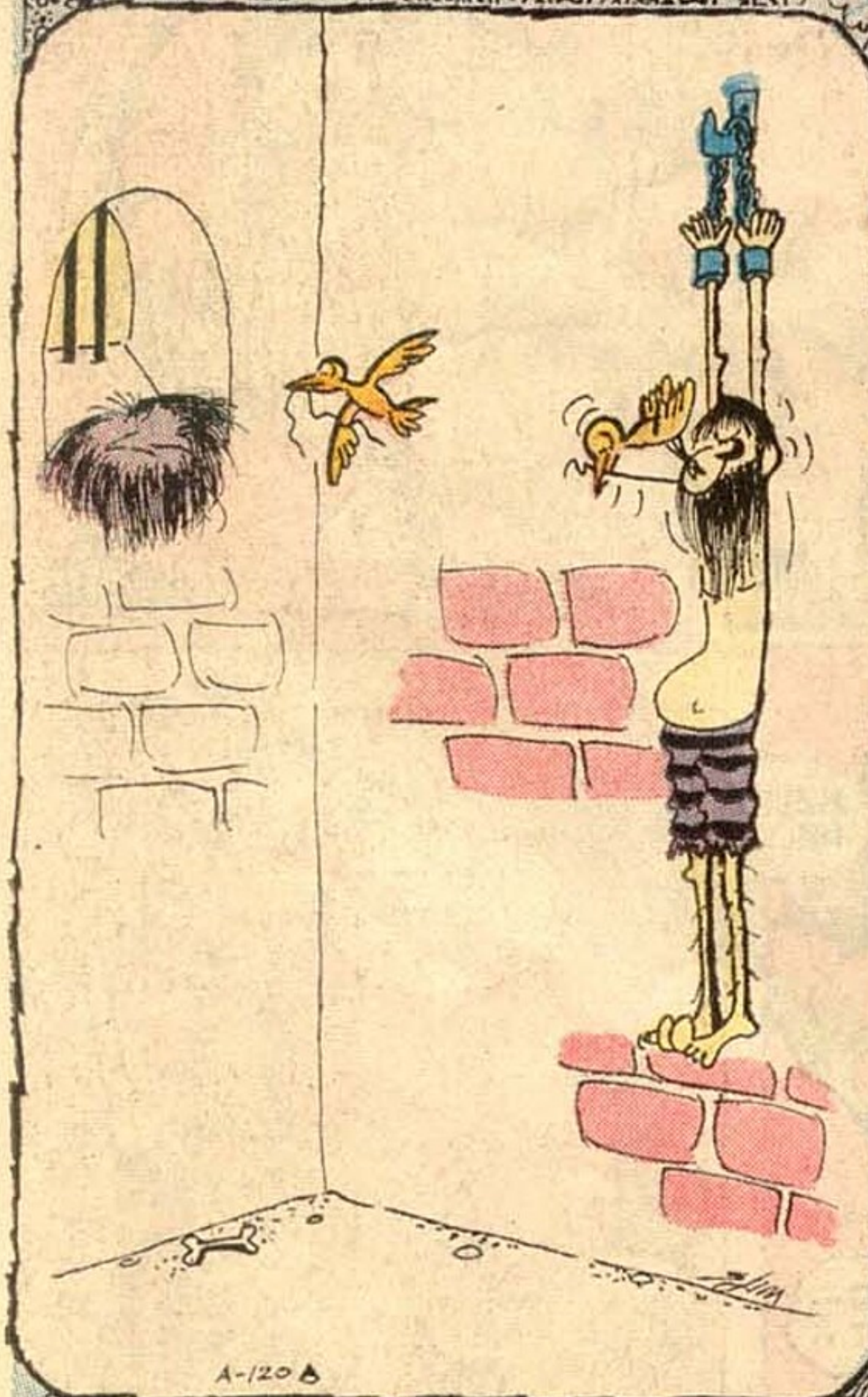


AND NOW FOR ALL YOU GUYS OUT THERE
IN THE SLAMMER, BACK BY POPULAR
DEMAND, OUR VERY OWN...

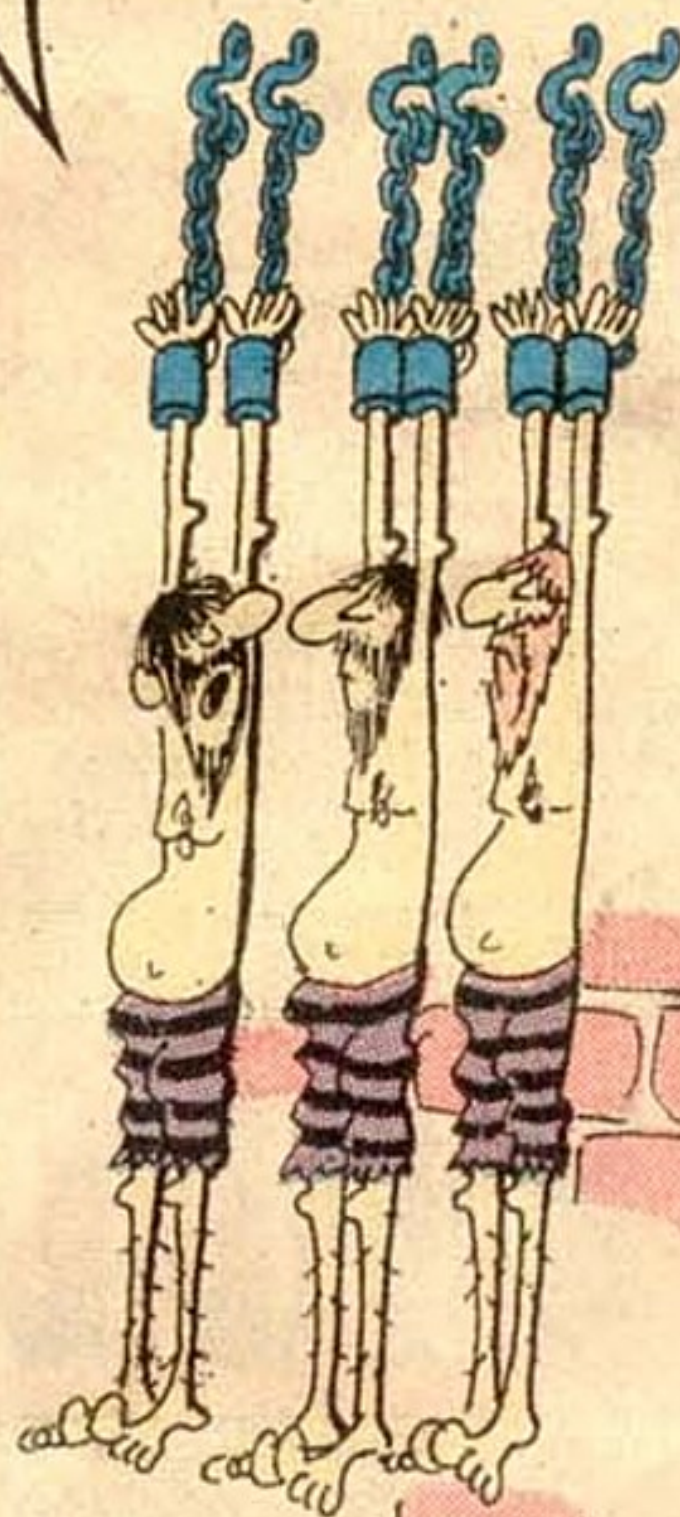


PRISON PLOPS

YOU KNOW THE RULES
ABOUT PETS!

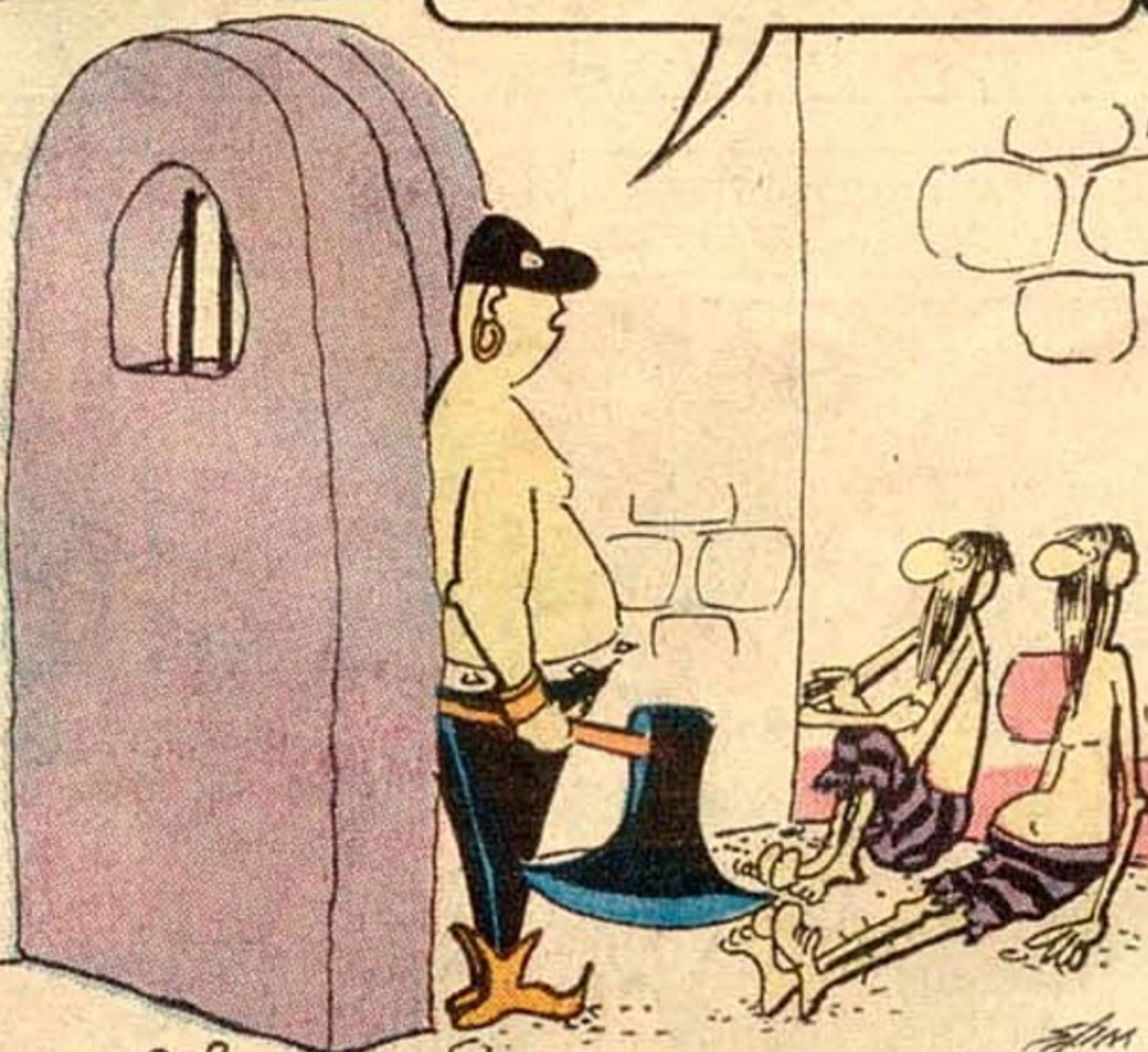


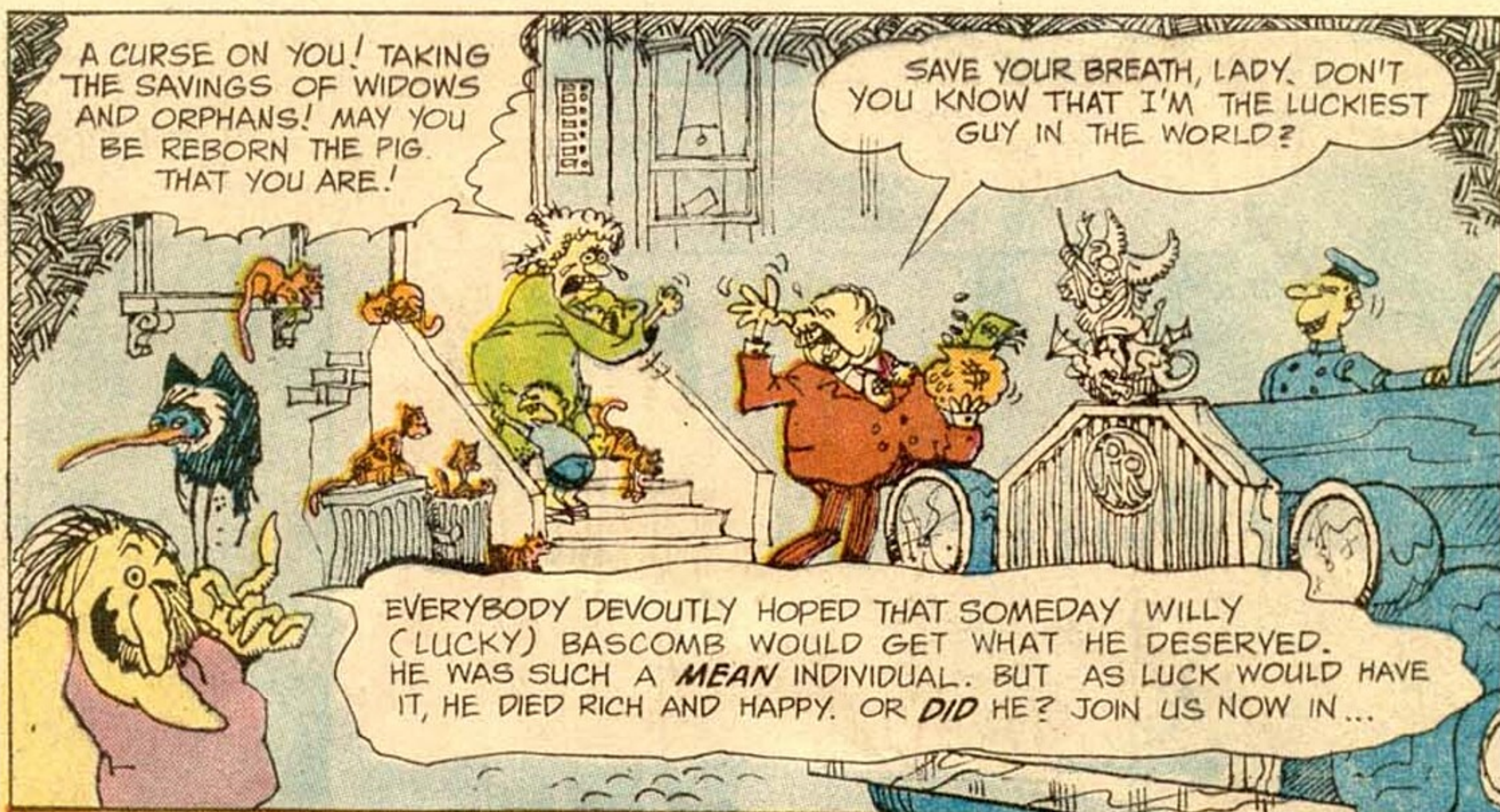
I THINK THERE ARE OTHER THINGS THAT
NEED TO BE WORKED OUT BEFORE WE
START ARGUING ABOUT WHO'S GOING
TO FLY THE PLANE.



ZA-132

I NEED A VOLUNTEER.





ONCE UPON A SWINE

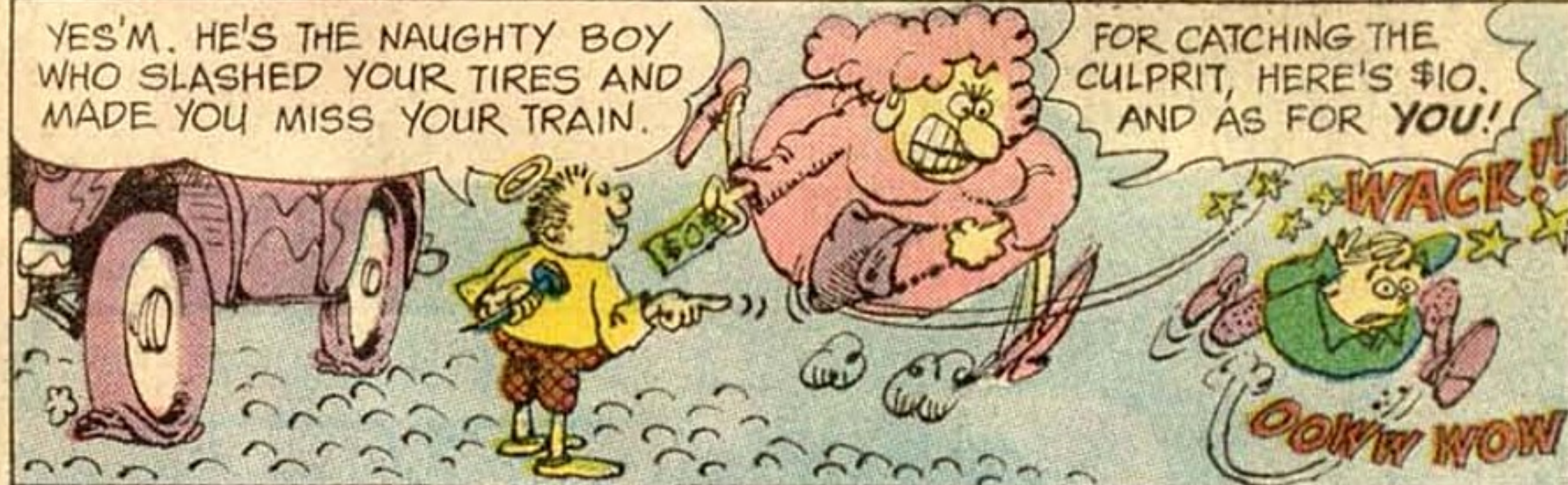
STORY IDEA: VICTOR SCHWARTZMAN

WRITTEN BY: MAXENE FABE

ART BY: SERGIO ARAGONES

OH, IT WAS TRUE, WILLY BASCOMB WAS AS LUCKY AS HE WAS MEAN. EVEN AS A KID THINGS ALWAYS WENT HIS WAY.

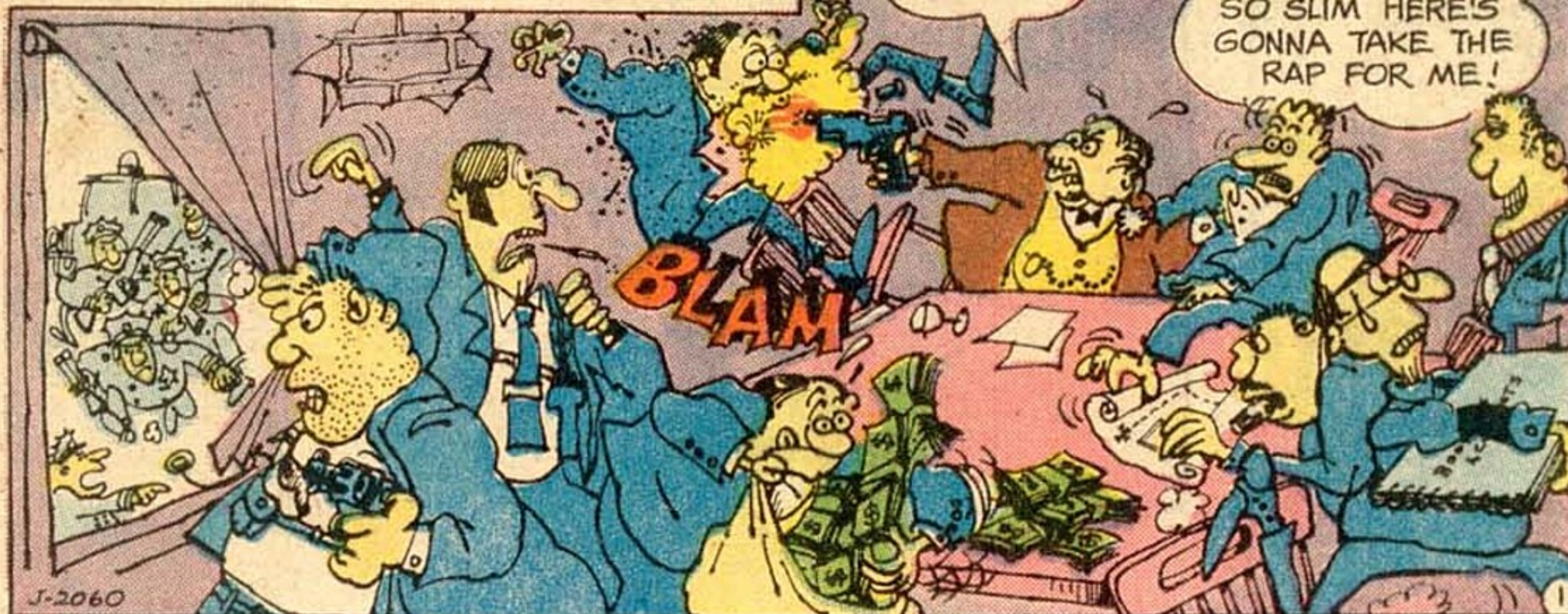
YES'M. HE'S THE NAUGHTY BOY WHO SLASHED YOUR TIRES AND MADE YOU MISS YOUR TRAIN.



WILLIE GREW UP NOT NICE, ONLY NASTIER. THAT'S HOW HE CAME TO RULE THE RACKETS.

THERE! THAT'S FOR ROCKO!

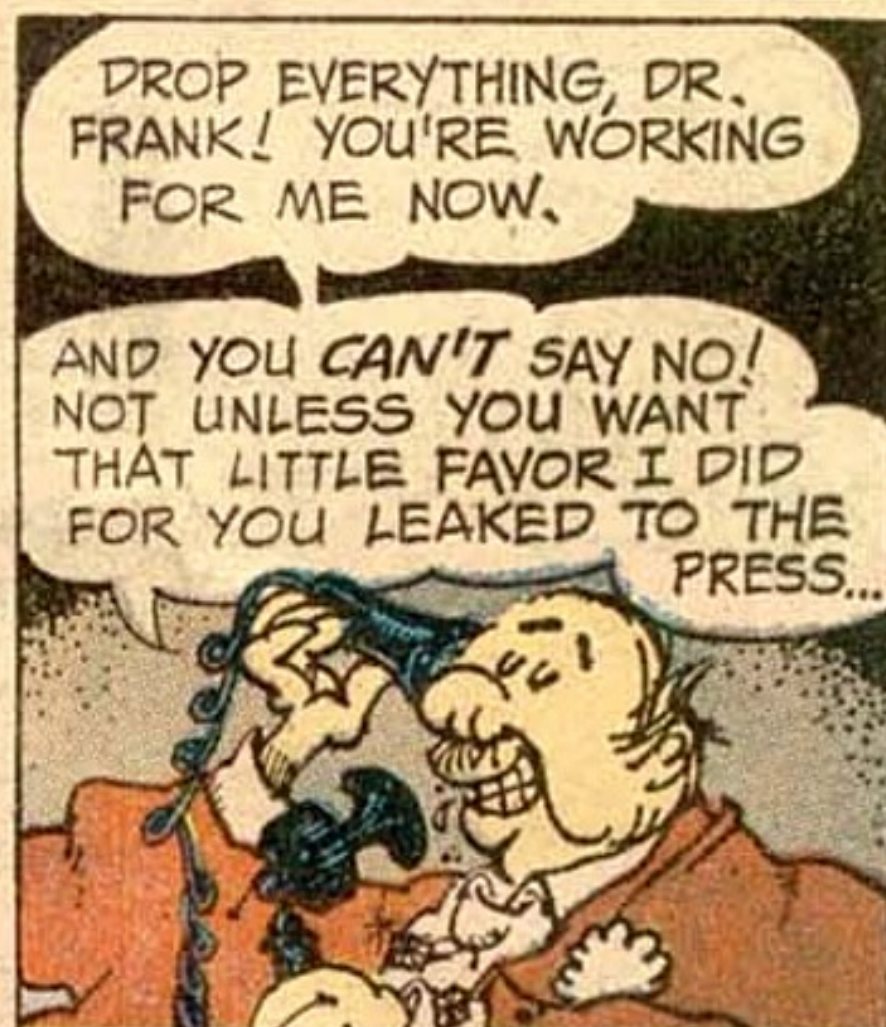
WHOOOPS! HERE COME THE COPS! SO SLIM HERE'S GONNA TAKE THE RAP FOR ME!



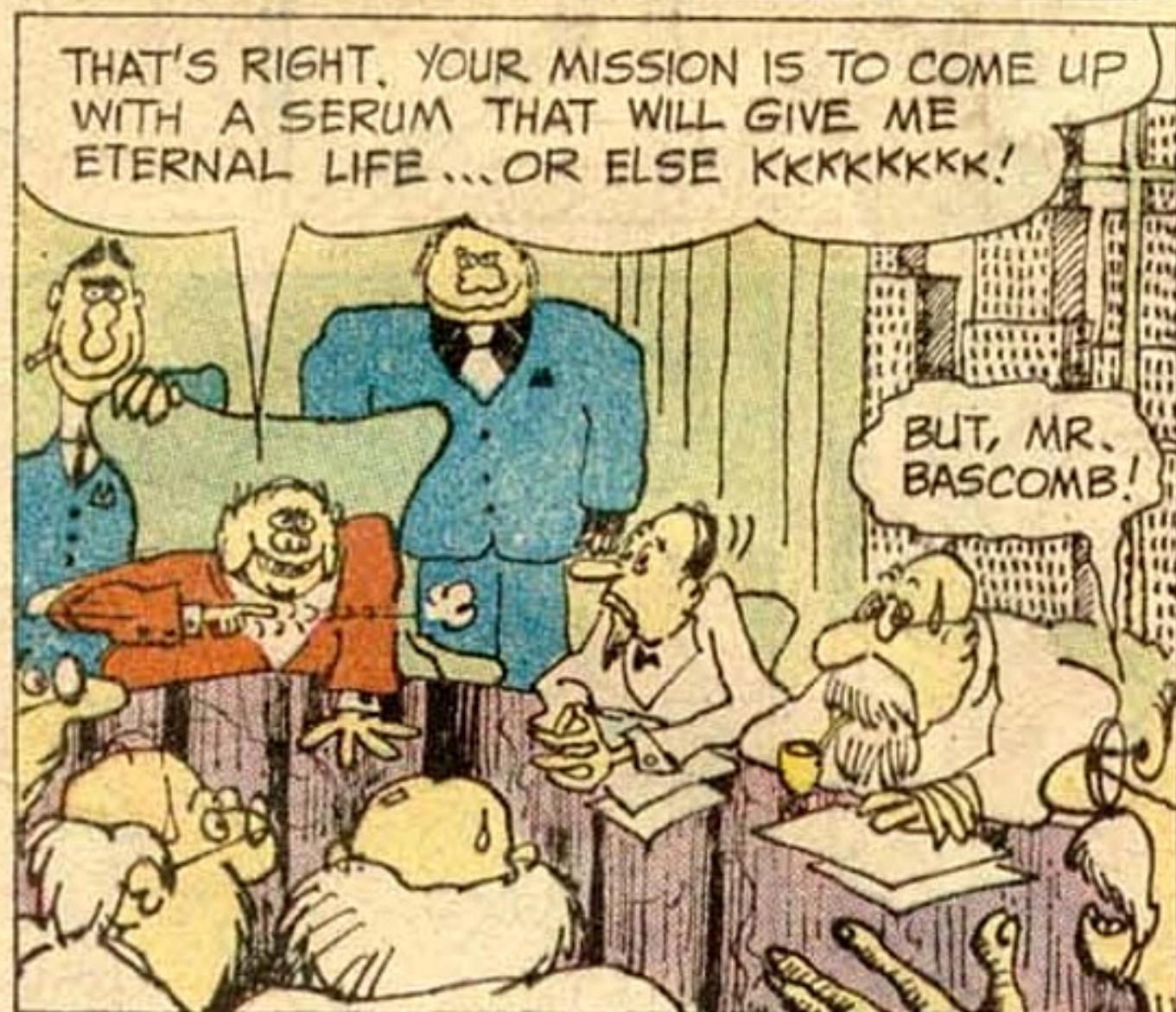
BY THE TIME LUCKY BASCOMB WAS 50, HE HAD REACHED A PINNACLE. THERE WAS NO ONE LEFT TO CHEAT OR BULLY, EXCEPT...



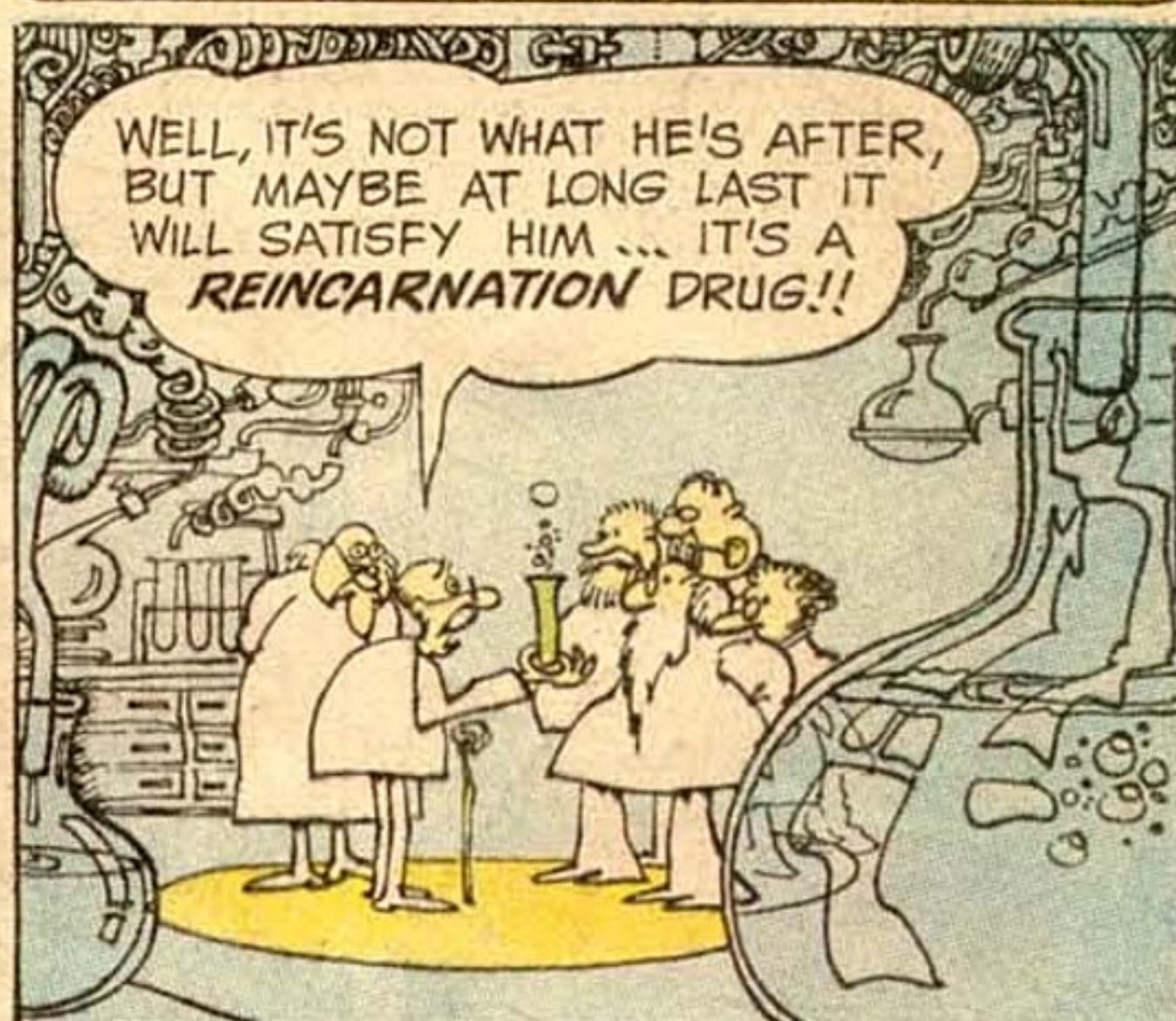
THUS BEGAN LUCKY BASCOMB'S GREATEST CHALLENGE. IT WASN'T HARD TO CORRAL THE MOST BRILLIANT SCIENTISTS...



AND WITHIN A WEEK...



FOR MANY YEARS THE SCIENTISTS LABORED...



BUT I MUST **WARN** YOU. REINCARNATION IS NOT SO SIMPLE! ONLY THE PURE IN HEART WILL RETURN AS HUMANS.

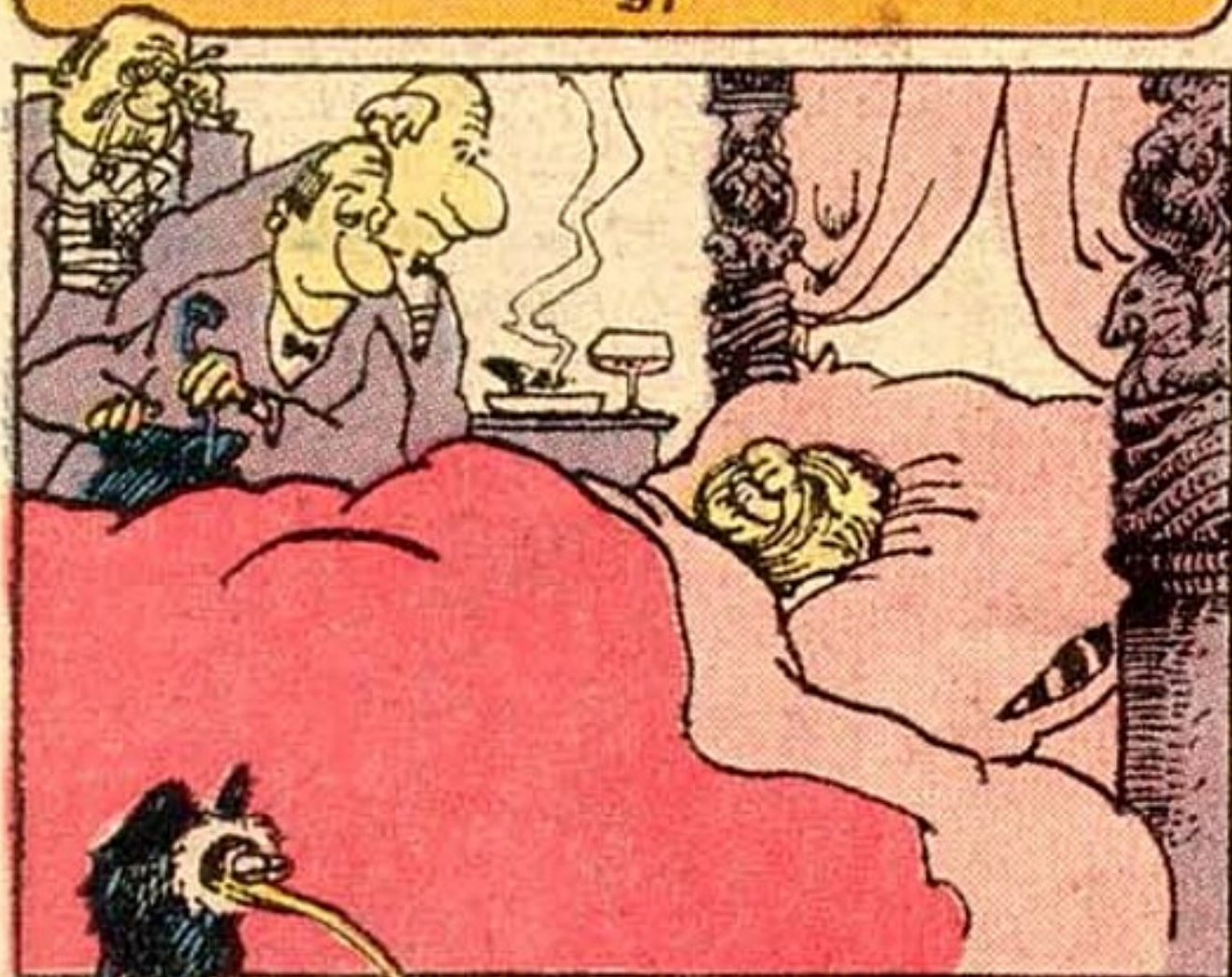
AND YOU, EMPLOYER DEAR ... I'M AFRAID SHOULDN'T AIM SO HIGH...



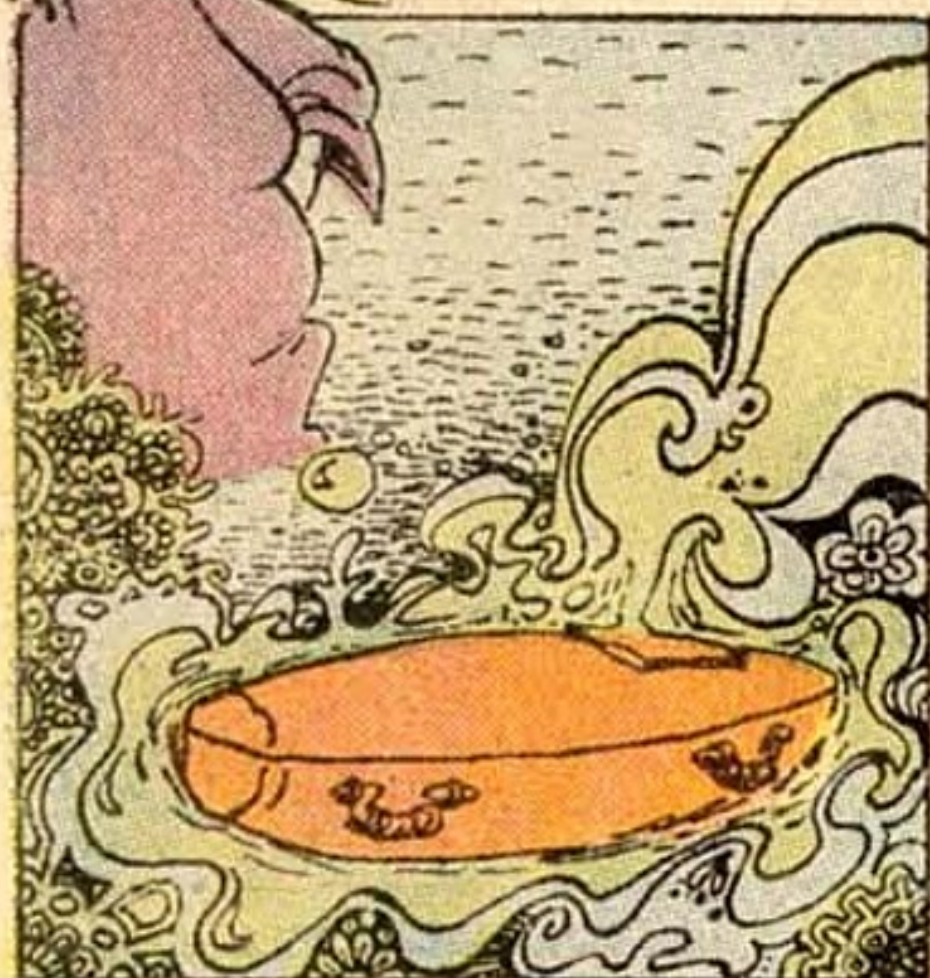
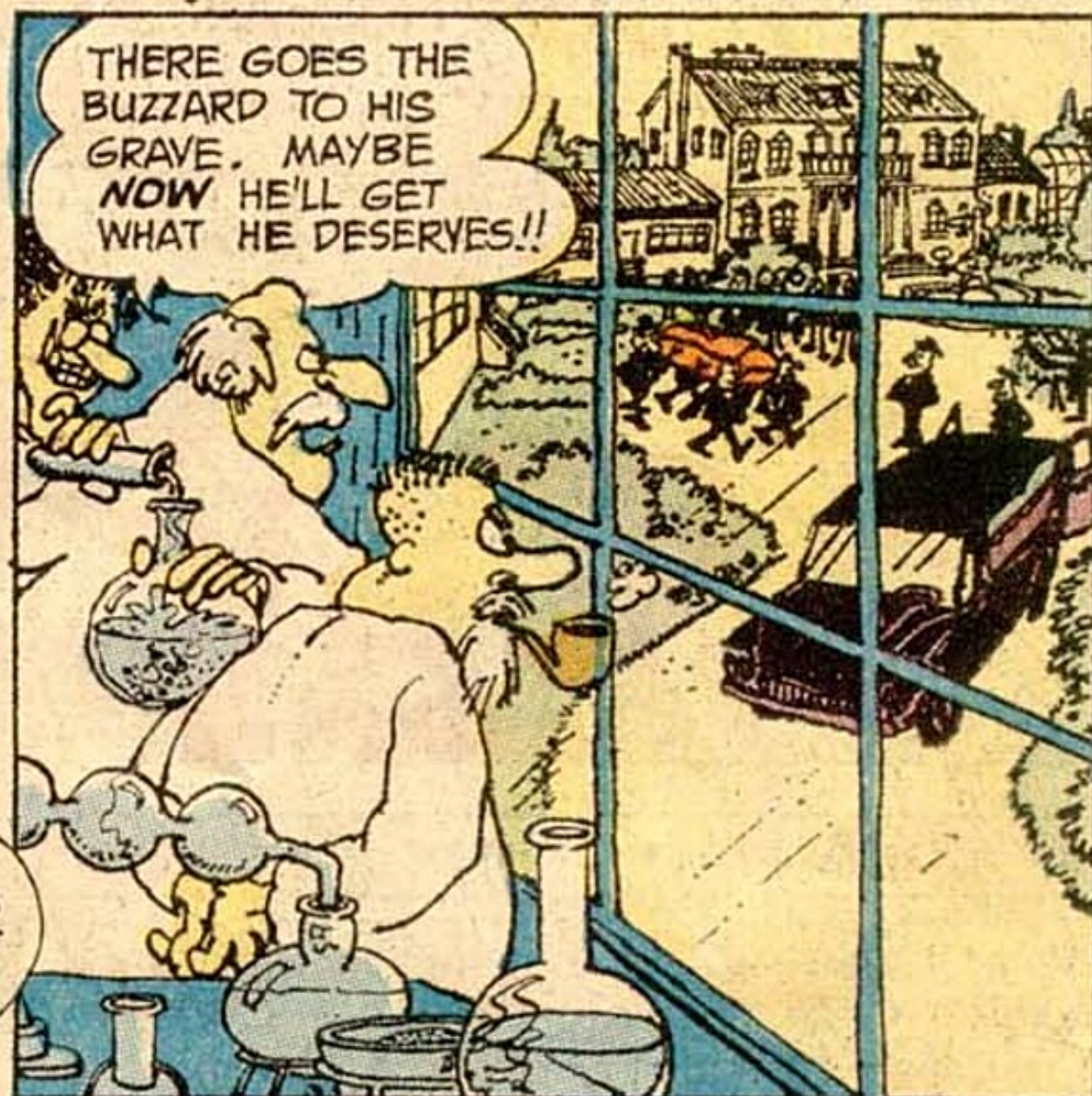
EVEN A LUCKY LOUSE LIKE WILLY COULDN'T LIVE FOREVER. WHILE WAITING FOR ETERNAL LIFE HE DIED IN HIS SLEEP, RICH AND CONTENTED, AT THE RIPE OLD AGE OF

97

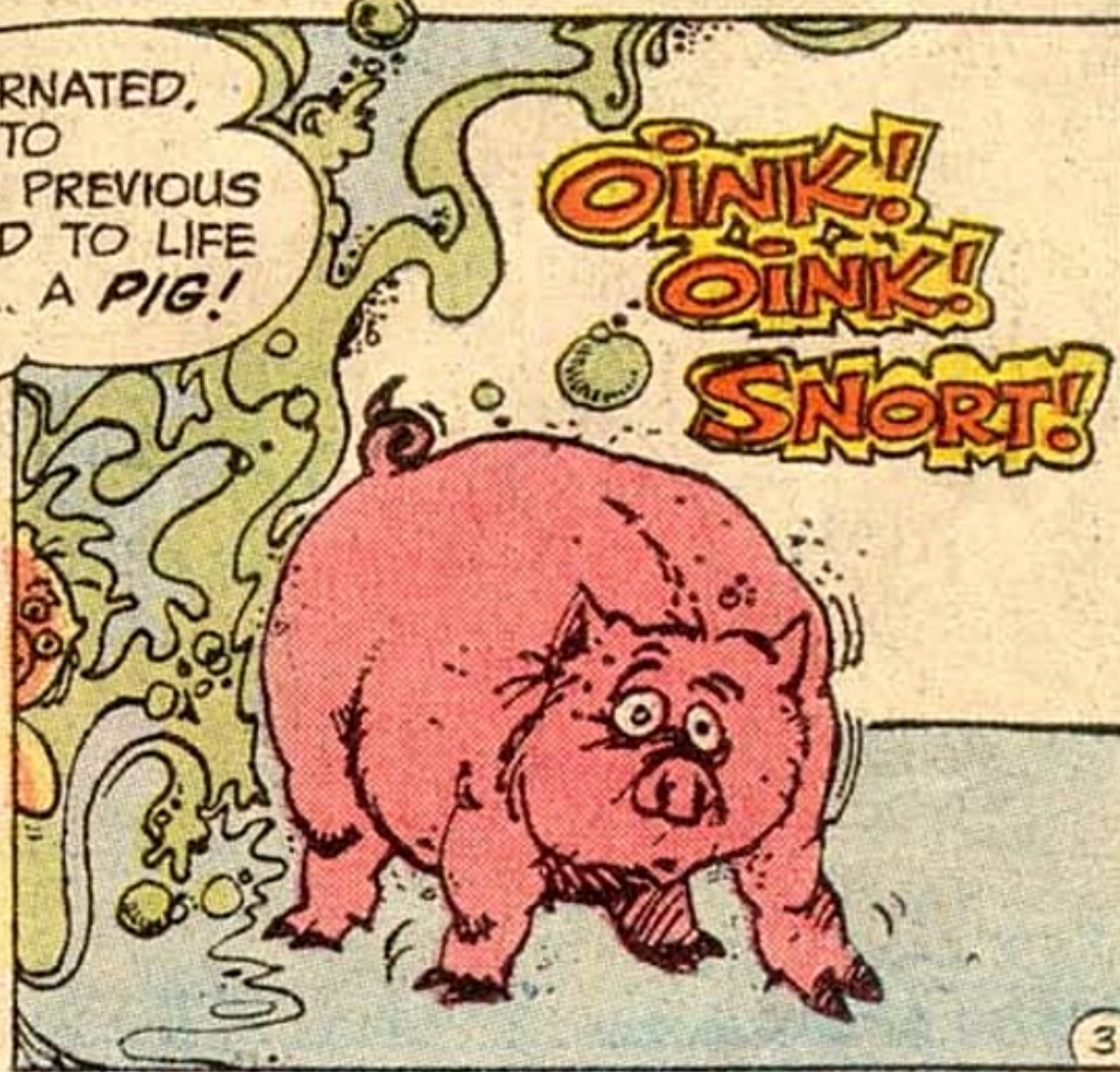
NO, THE SCIENTISTS NEVER DID SUCCEED IN FINDING THE ETERNAL LIFE SERUM IN WILLY'S LIFETIME... BUT LIKE TRUE RESEARCHERS, THEY LABORED ON.



BUT WILLY BASCOMB WAS NOT IN HIS GRAVE FOR LONG. FOR THE SCIENTISTS' DRUG BEGAN TO DO ITS RECYCLING THING.



YES, WILLY BASCOMB WAS REINCARNATED. AS PROMISED, HE DID HAVE TO UNDERGO PUNISHMENT FOR HIS PREVIOUS MISDEEDS. HE WAS RETURNED TO LIFE A RATHER LOWLY CREATURE... A PIG!



BUT WAS WILLY BASCOMB HUMILIATED BY HIS FATE?

SO I'M A PIG. THAT AIN'T A BAD LIFE.



AND SINCE IT'S GOING TO BE EASY TO BE **GOOD** COOPED UP IN THIS CAGE, MY PUNISHMENT WILL END SOON...



I'LL BE BACK TO BEING HUMAN IN NO TIME. AFTER ALL, PIGS DON'T LIVE LONG.

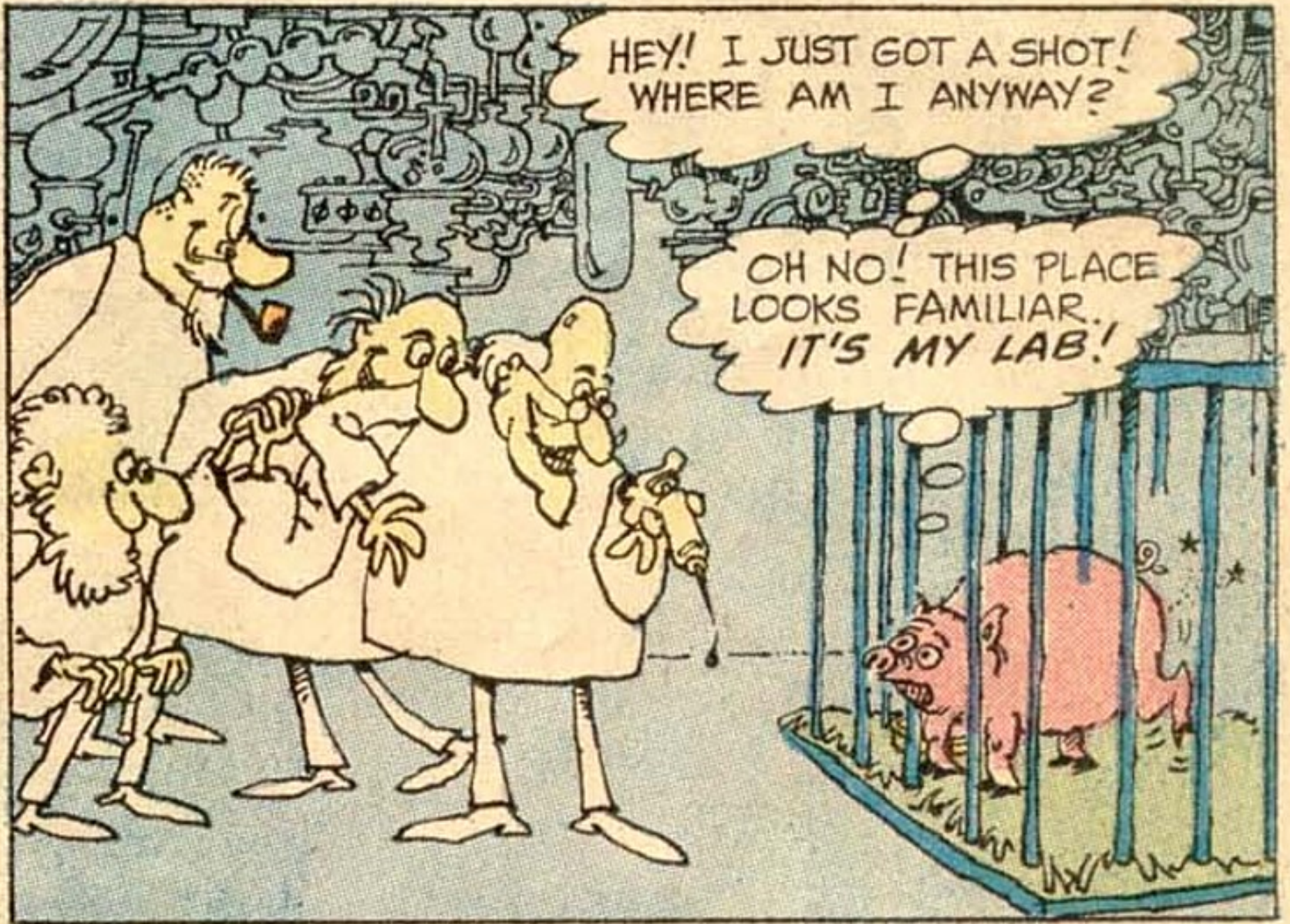


OW! WHAT WAS THAT?



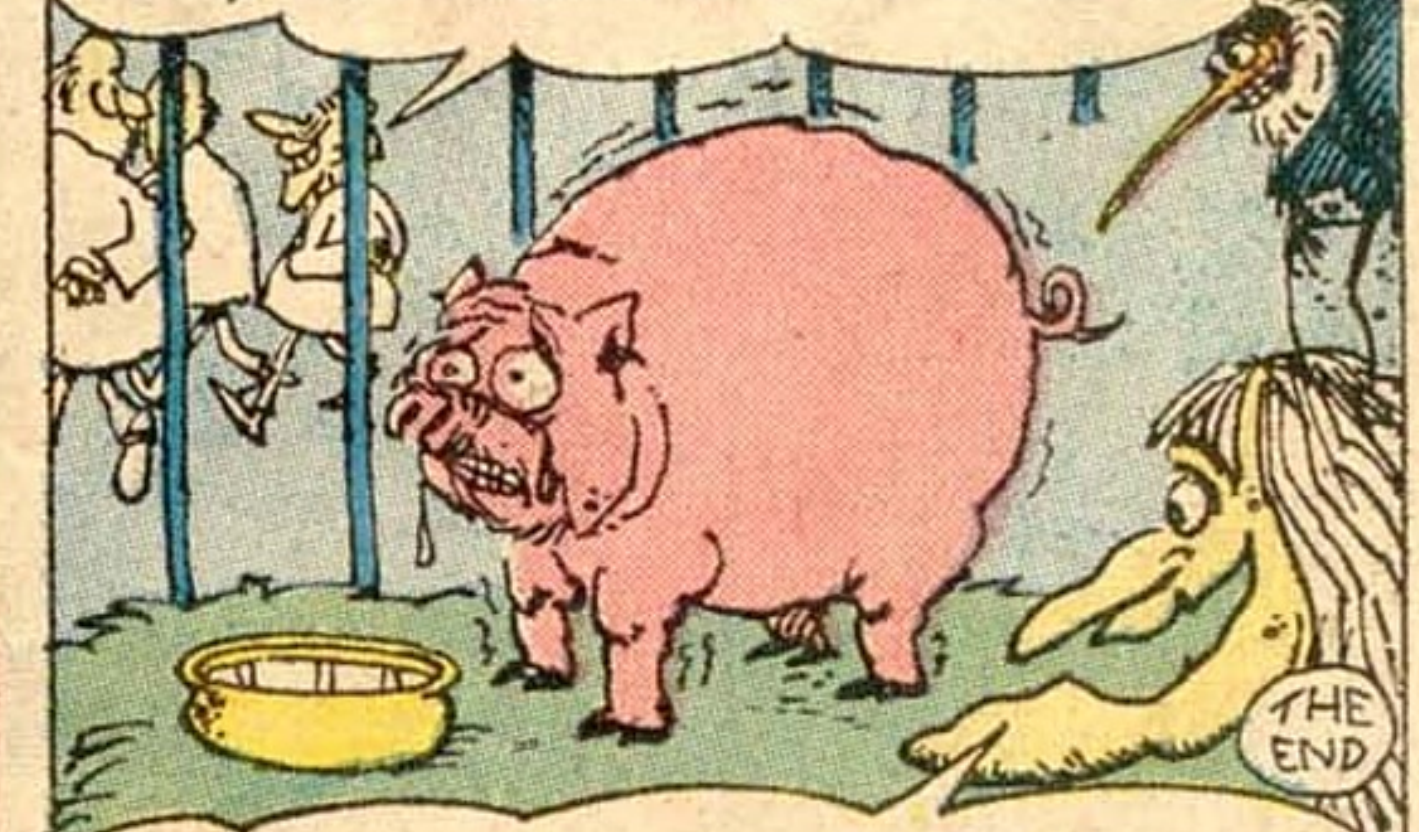
HEY! I JUST GOT A SHOT! WHERE AM I ANYWAY?

OH NO! THIS PLACE LOOKS FAMILIAR. IT'S MY LAB!



YES. IT'S CERTAINLY A SHAME OLD BASCOMB DIDN'T LIVE A YEAR LONGER TO SEE THAT WE'VE FINALLY PERFECTED HIS ETERNAL YOUTH SERUM!

IT'S STILL IN ITS EXPERIMENTAL STAGE, OF COURSE... BUT I THINK IT'S SAFE TO SAY THIS PIG SHOULD LIVE FOREVER!



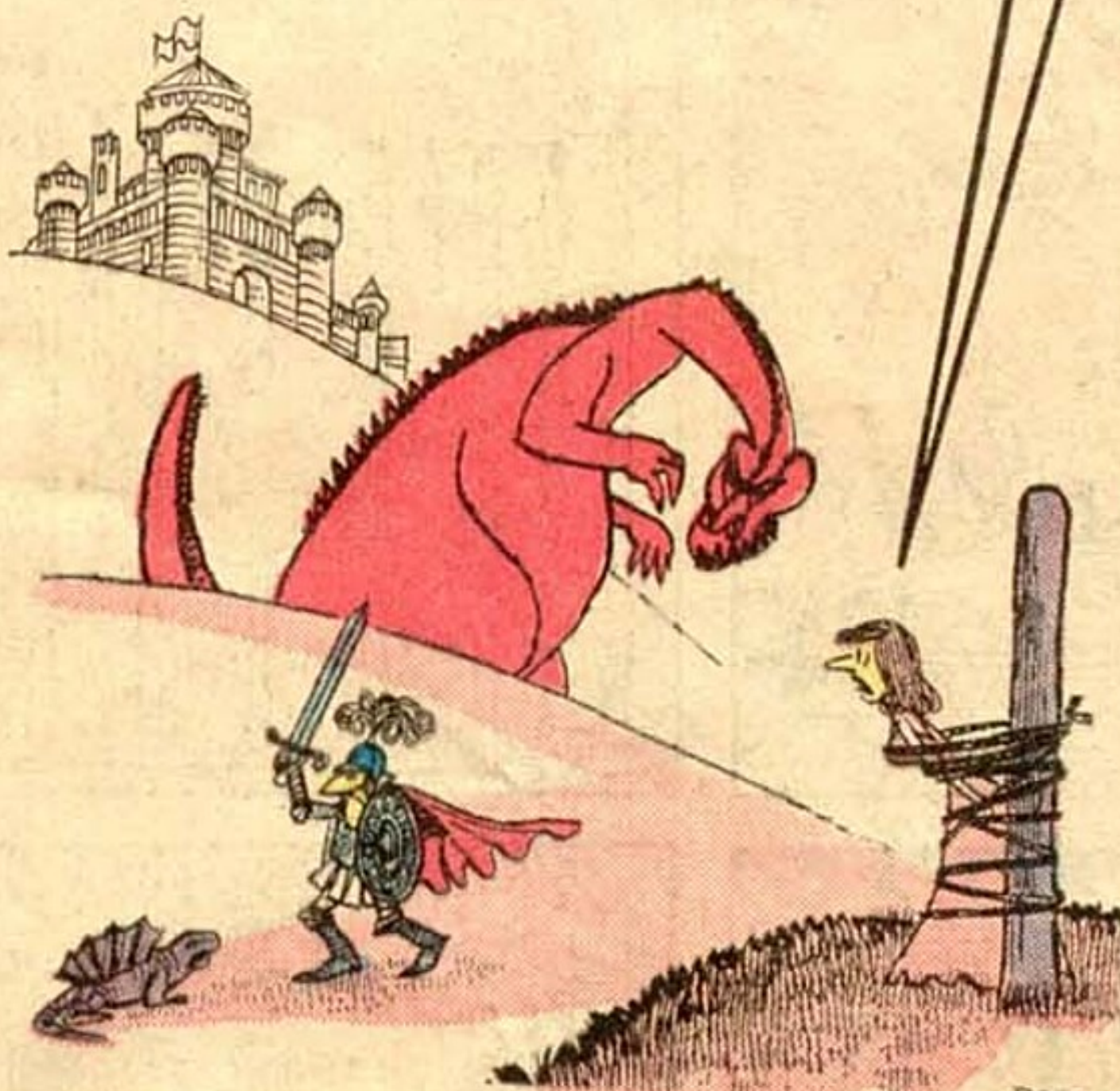
THAT'S RIGHT, NO FURTHER REINCARNATIONS FOR YOU, WILLY. YOU'LL BE A PIG THROUGH ALL ETERNITY. AT LAST, YES, AT **LONG LAST**, YOU'VE GOTTEN WHAT YOU DESERVE.

LET ME TAKE
YOU TO THE
DAYS OF OLD,
SEE THE BOLD
MEN SAVE THE
FAIR DAMSELS
FROM FIRE-
BREATHING
DRAGONS, AND
WATCH THE
KNIGHTS GO--

PLOP!



NO, NO, GEORGE, THAT'S
THE WRONG ONE!



ZA-50

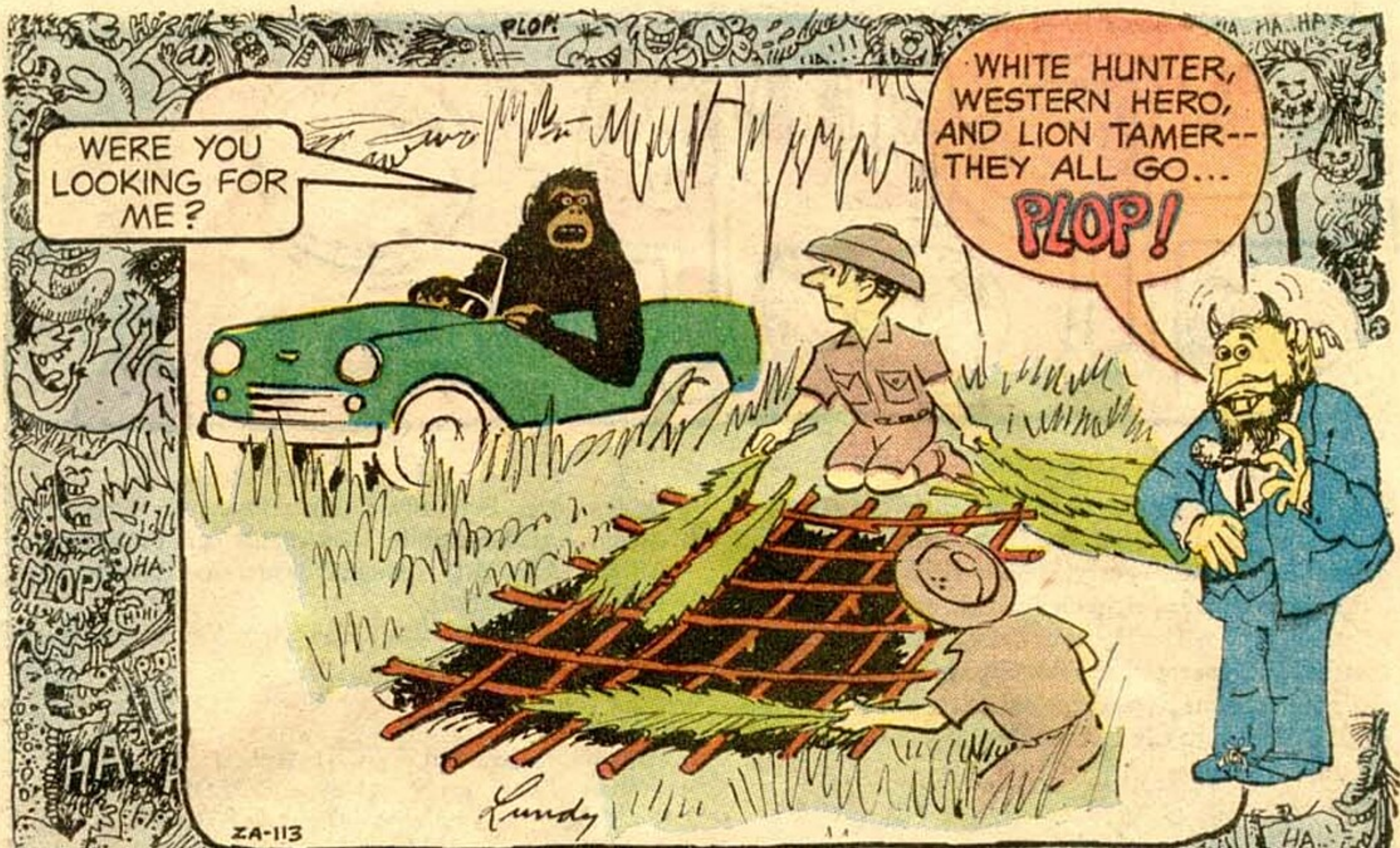
BOTTER

CAN'T YOU EVER PICK
UP THE SHELLS?

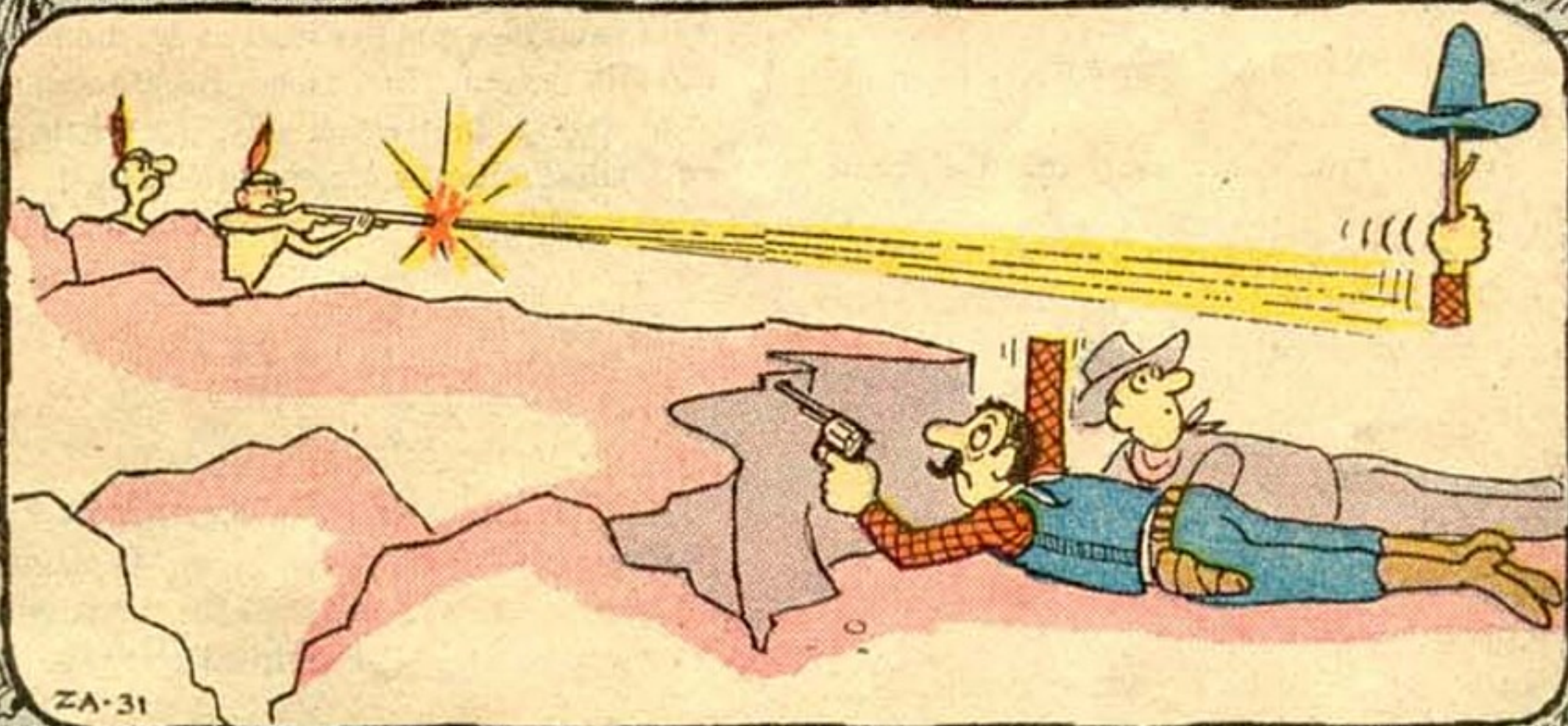


Begley

ZA-51

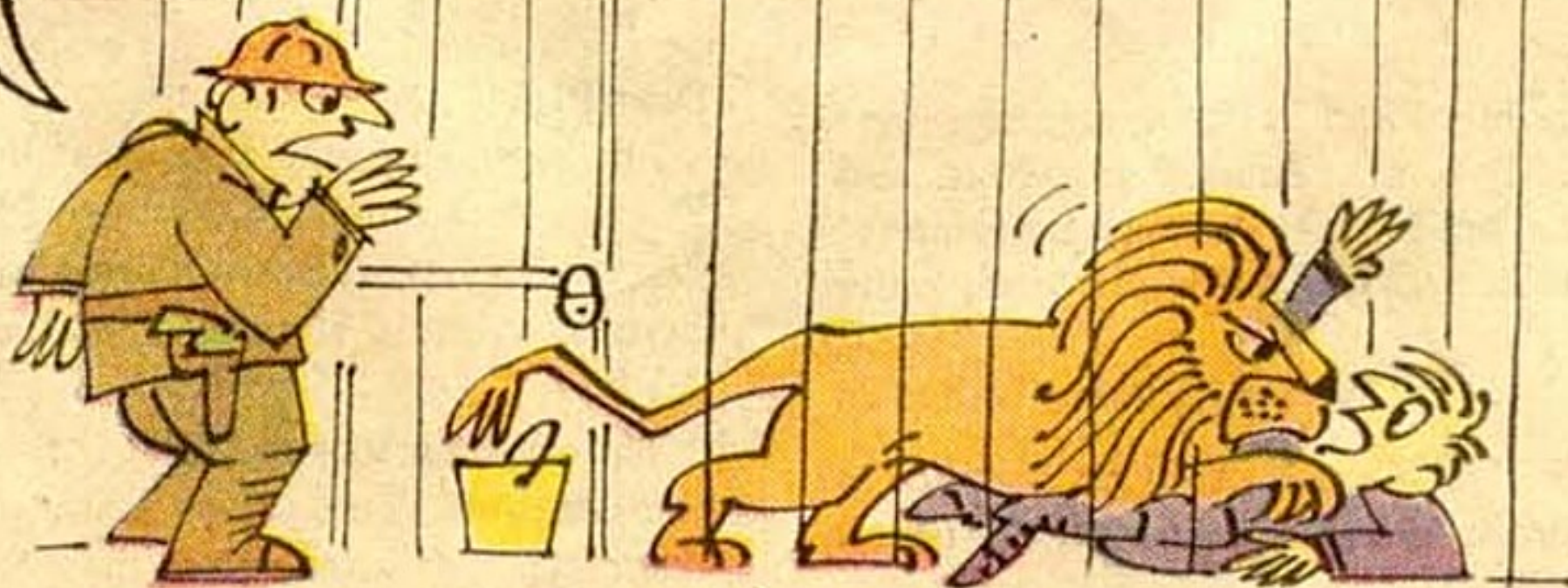


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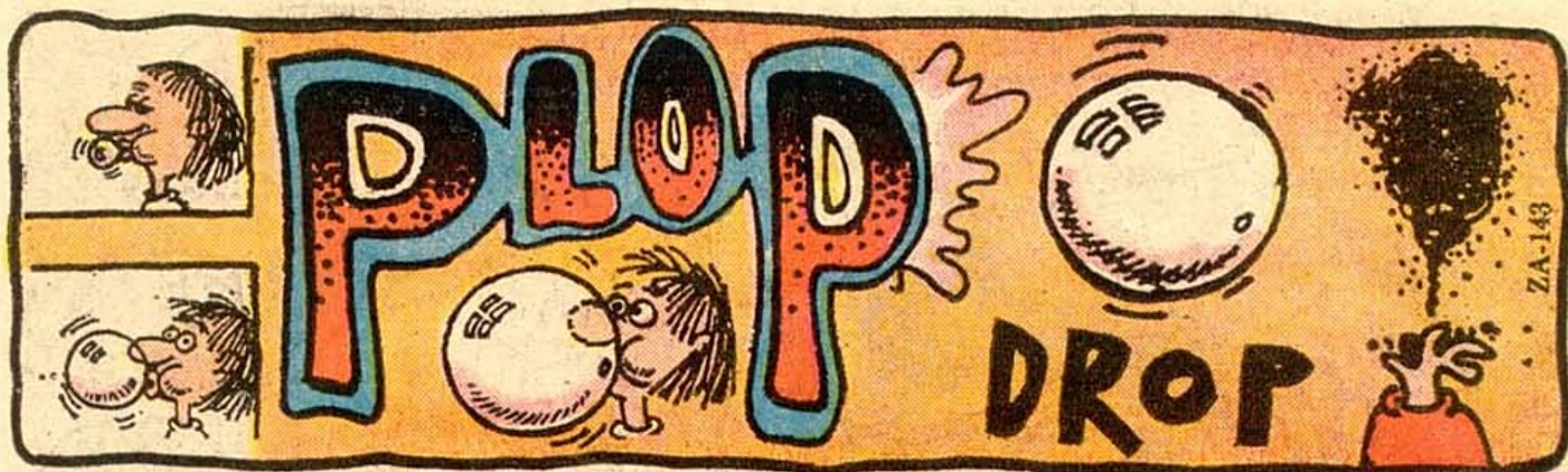
ZA-31

NO, NO, DURVICK,
I SAID GO IN THERE
AND GRAB HIS **PAIL**...



DAVID BROWN

ZA-15



Plop is having a thousand letters deluge the offices of your magazine . . . right after your two fellow hosts run out to a Halloween party! That's right . . . all your letters were PLOPped right on my desk, and it's up to me, Abel, the host of The House of Secrets, to wade through them all and put together a letters page or two. Everyone else ran out on me . . . except you, of course. Well, let me see if I can return the favor and print your letters . . .

Dear Sirs,

All I can say about Plop is that it went . . .
PLOP!

David Thale, Burbank, California

Since you live in Burbank you must be an expert on things going PLOP, so how come you couldn't come up with a more original comment?

Dear Trio,

After reading "The Gourmet" in PLOP #1 I almost croaked! Keep up the good work!

Mike French, Sayville, N.Y.

Almost isn't good enough! Next time get into the spirit of the thing!

Dear Plop,

I got your magazine July 7 and I've been reading it ever since. I really like it. My brother subscribes to Mad, and that's all right for him, but it's nice having a magazine of my own that I can read first and then give to my older brother. Ha!

Mark Levine, Address Unknown

If your brother reads Mad, I don't think he deserves to read PLOP . . . he probably can't appreciate our vastly low-brow sense of humor!

Dear Joe & Co.,

The first issue of PLOP was a dandy, though of course I couldn't be expected to think otherwise with my cartoon

on the cover. Seriously, I think the contents were very funny. I still maintain that things can be humorous without being dirty, though it seems that is supposed to be a stupid attitude.

Basil Wolverton, Vancouver, Wash.

Dear Cain, Eve, and (YUCH) Abel,

Today I bought my first issue of PLOP. AND, if you don't mind my saying so—the mag STINKS! It smells worse than a skunk that hadn't taken a bath in about six months. I worked 10 minutes to earn the money for that comic and it seems I've wasted my money (and time)! Are you still reading this? Good. Because you know that all I want to do is praise you guys for getting Joe Orlando to edit the funniest mag since MAD.

Mike Morgan, Address Unknown

Sirs,

Your magazine is the sickest, most disgusting thing I've ever read (except for Time Magazine).

Honestly, I can't wait till the next issue comes out!

Phillip Slattery, Address Unknown

Frankly, I'm disappointed. I thought PLOP was sicker than Time, Newsweek, Look, or even Life!

Dear PLOP-ites,

I'm very PLeased that Joe didn't PLunge off the PLank, for I found PLOP very PLeasurable! The best PLOP was PLeasureful Steve Skeates' and the very unPLAIN Berni Wrightson story of "The Gourmet," which I'd rate A Plus!

The only comPLAINt I have is that the PLOP-toons are so PLeentiful. There are so many publications with that exact type of humor that they could be considered a PLAGUE! Is it PLAUSIBLE that PLOP could have a comPletely unique format? Could you PLease play around with some new ideas and come up with something completely PLOPPY to PLease us fans?

Mike Fasman, Auburndale, Mass.

Sirs,

The title for your new mag should have read FLOP.

Jay Kennedy, No Address Given

I know why you didn't list your address, kid. You didn't have enough guts to stand up for your principles and be PLOPped when my trained termites eat your front porch for lunch. That'll teach you the meaning of flop!

Dear Folks at PLOP,

You say you want to know what we lazy readers think about your mag. The following message quite eloquently describes my feelings:

Jay L. Zilber, Columbus, Ohio

You know something, kid, the middle of your letter was the best written part.

Dear People(?):

Sergio Aragones can't be playing with a full deck, but what does it matter. He is responsible for the funniest pages ever to appear in a comic magazine. For that matter, anyone even remotely connected with a mag like PLOP should be confined to a padded cell and let out only long enough to put out each new issue.

I really think your first issue carved a niche in comics history (right next to liverwurst and pickle relish).

Joe Filice, Gilroy, Calif.

Gilroy, huh? Wasn't he a graffiti artist? What a town to live in! But seriously, I tried to ask Sergio if he was insulted by your letter but his keeper insisted that it was feeding time.

Dear Sirs,

I have never written to a humor magazine before.

Jeff Strell, Long Island, New York

I didn't miss you.

Dear Maniacs,

PLOP is fantastic. One thing that I am very concerned about, though, is the idea of having a host for PLOP, like Cain in the House of Mystery. Please don't let this happen, especially with the lettercolumn. I feel it is very childish to tell a reader that you are going to sic "Gregory" on him, etc. Answer the letters in a regular manner, not by creating a fictitious host to do your talking for you. Keep PLOP adult.

Tim Oswald, Tacoma, Washington

You, sir, are not a very nice person. Have I ever called you

"fictitious?" Have I ever done anything to you to deserve being called "fictitious?" For that matter, has any mystery mag host ever done anything to you to deserve being called "fictitious?" Besides the simple fact that you are very nasty, you are also wrong. Just because my name is Abel and I happen to appear in a comic doesn't mean that I am any less real than anybody else. Are you prejudiced against people who don't have last names or something?

Dear Editor,

PLOP is a lousy comic. If it's supposed to be funny—you've got another thought coming. The last story about the frogs was not only sickening but boring. I think it is a big waste of money and I'm not going to buy another copy to see if it gets better. I only hope something goes PLOP on the whole bunch of you!

Cheryl Jacobs, Newton, Mass.

If it's any consolation, I think our publisher enjoyed your letter more than anyone else's.

Dear Cain and Co.,

Who should we write to when we want to write to PLOP? The three of you can't all run the mag. Will there be a new character?

Steve Olszak, Tarrington, Conn.

If you bothered to read my introduction you would have noticed that a different one of the trio of terror-tale-tellers will be hosting PLOP DROP every issue, on a rotating basis.

Dear Sirs,

I have read strange comics before, but PLOP is definitely the strangest. No advertising, lots of Sergio Aragones, and a totally appropriate story by Skeates and Wrightson.

You really ought to have a sister mag, though. You could call it OOPS and then we could see twice as much fun stuff every year!

Good luck, and may all plops fall around you but never on you!

Duane Hanson, Redwood Falls, Minn.

OOPS? As if PLOP isn't bad enough you want us to do OOPS? Forget it, kid!

P.S. Berni Wrightson's hard at work at another story for PLOP . . . tentatively schedule for next issue!

Enough of this nonsense! Does everybody think that I've got nothing better to do than read letters? I've got to get to work on my gags for the next issue of PLOP. While I go and chase up a gaggle of gags and a stack of stories, why don't you sit down and write a short note to the new magazine of weird humor? The address is: PLOP DROP, National Periodical Publications, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10019. That'll keep you busy until next issue.



NO!
STOP!
PLEASE!
YAAAAH!

HAD A
NIGHTMARE
LATELY? WILLY
BRETCH HAD
ONE AND IT
WAS ONLY
THE START
OF HIS
TROUBLES
WHEN...

THIS LITTLE WITCH WENT TO MARKET

J-1994

MEET MISS EMILY TIBBS—LOVABLE IN SPITE
OF CERTAIN "ECCENTRICITIES"...

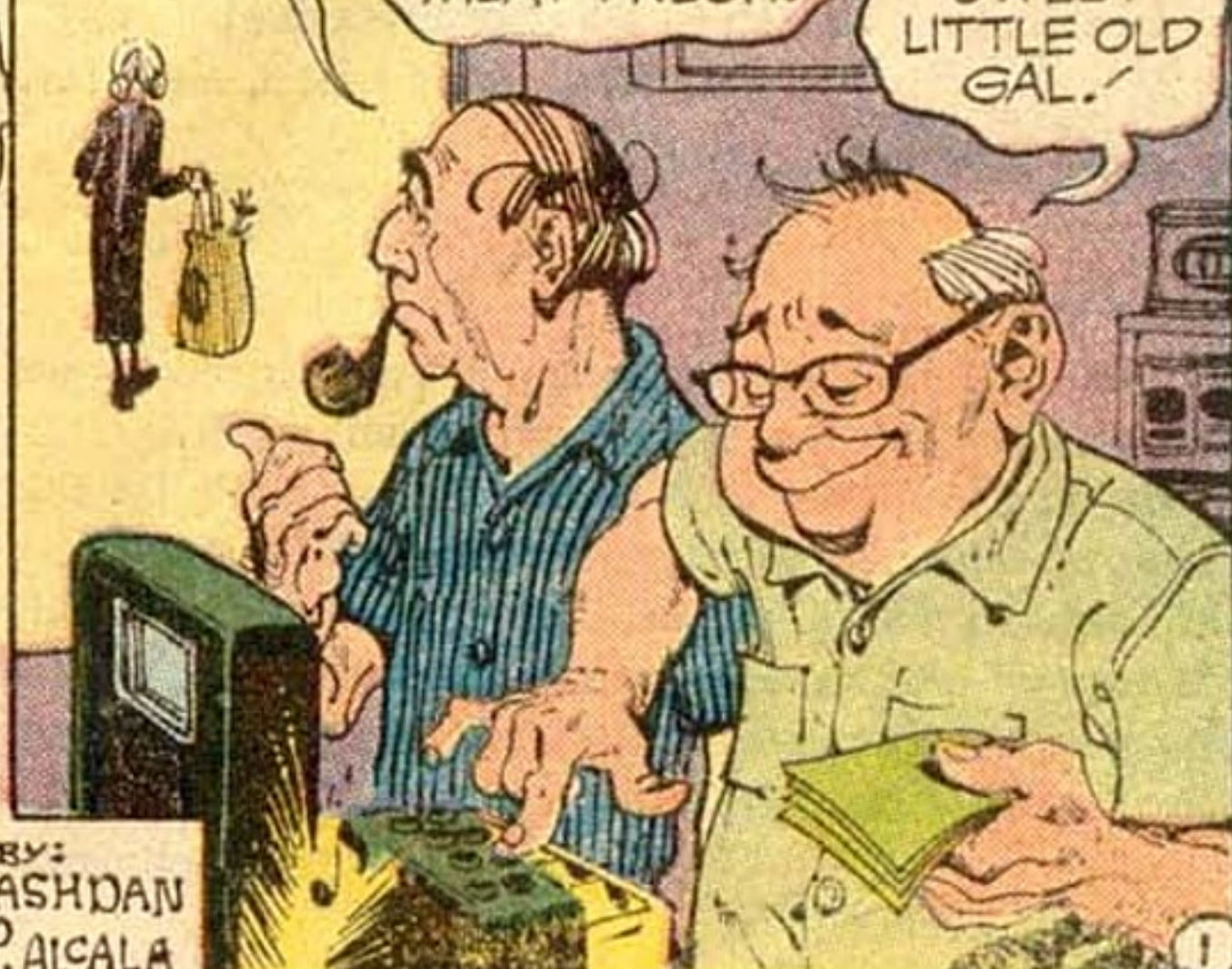
ONE LIVE ROOSTER
COMIN' UP, MISS TIBBS.

THANK YOU AGAIN...
YOU'RE THE MOST
RELIABLE BUTCHER
I HAVE EVER HAD
THE PLEASURE TO
DO BUSINESS WITH.

A L-LIVE
ROOSTER?

YEP-- EVERY
FRIDAY WITHOUT
FAIL... CLAIMS
SHE LIKES HER
MEAT FRESH!

HOW CAN
I REFUSE
HER? SHE'S
SUCH A
SWEET
LITTLE OLD
GAL.



STORY BY:
GEORGE KASHDAN
Art: Alfred P. ALCALA





OH, YEAH? WELL, I GOT NEWS FOR YOU, LADY!

THAT AIN'T GONNA BOTHER YOU MUCH LONGER, 'CAUSE I'M FILING A DISPOSSESS NOTICE WITH THE RENT-CONTROL BOARD!

UNDERSTAND? I'M GETTING RID OF YOU!



DEAR ME... MR. BRETCH HAS COMPLETELY LOST HIS SENSE OF REASON.

MUCH AS I HATE VIOLENCE, I DO BELIEVE I SHALL HAVE TO TEACH HIM A LESSON--FOR HIS OWN GOOD, OF COURSE.



HELLO, CHILDREN... DID YOU MISS ME?

WAIT TILL YOU HEAR ABOUT THE WONDERFUL SURPRISE I HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU TONIGHT!

MEOWR-R-R...

WHATEVER THE "SURPRISE" WAS, LATE THAT EVENING, IT CERTAINLY DIDN'T PLEASE THE MAN IN THE APARTMENT BELOW...



HOOO... HOO-HOO...

AWRK-AWRK-AWRRK-SCREEETCH

SHE DID IT... KILLED ANOTHER ROOSTER.

THE BUTCHER AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER... SHE'S GOTTA DO IT HERSELF.



HOOO... MEOW-W-W... HISSSS... HOOO... HOOO...

WHAT A PLEASURE IT'LL BE TO GET RID OF HER... NOT TO MENTION THE RENT-HIKE I'LL GET ON THE NEXT TENANT.



IT WAS A FEW HOURS LATER, WHEN...

OH-H-H... THAT WAS THE WORST NIGHTMARE I EVER HAD!

I CAN STILL FEEL THAT STAKE POUNDING INTO ME!







UGH! THE THING'S FILLED WITH ROOSTER BLOOD.

IT'S GETTING ALL OVER ME.



WELL... AT LEAST IT STOPPED MY HEADACHE.

HEY, WHAT AM I SAYING?

I SOUND LIKE I ACTUALLY DO BELIEVE IN VODOO.



IT'S STRICTLY PSYCHOLOGICAL... ALL IN THE MIND...

ONE OF THESE DAYS YAWN! I'LL HAVE TO READ UP ON ALL THAT HOCUS-POCUS.

BUT MR. BRETCH NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO DO ANY READING, EVER--BECAUSE THE FOLLOWING DAY...

AND SO, IF YOU HAPPEN TO BE IN A CERTAIN BUTCHER SHOP, ANY FRIDAY, THIS IS WHAT YOU'RE LIKELY TO SEE...



NO WONDER HE WASN'T ANSWERING THE DOORBELL OR THE PHONE.

IT'S WEIRD... HE LOOKS LIKE ALL THE BLOOD'S DRAINED OUT OF HIM, THROUGH THE FOREHEAD.



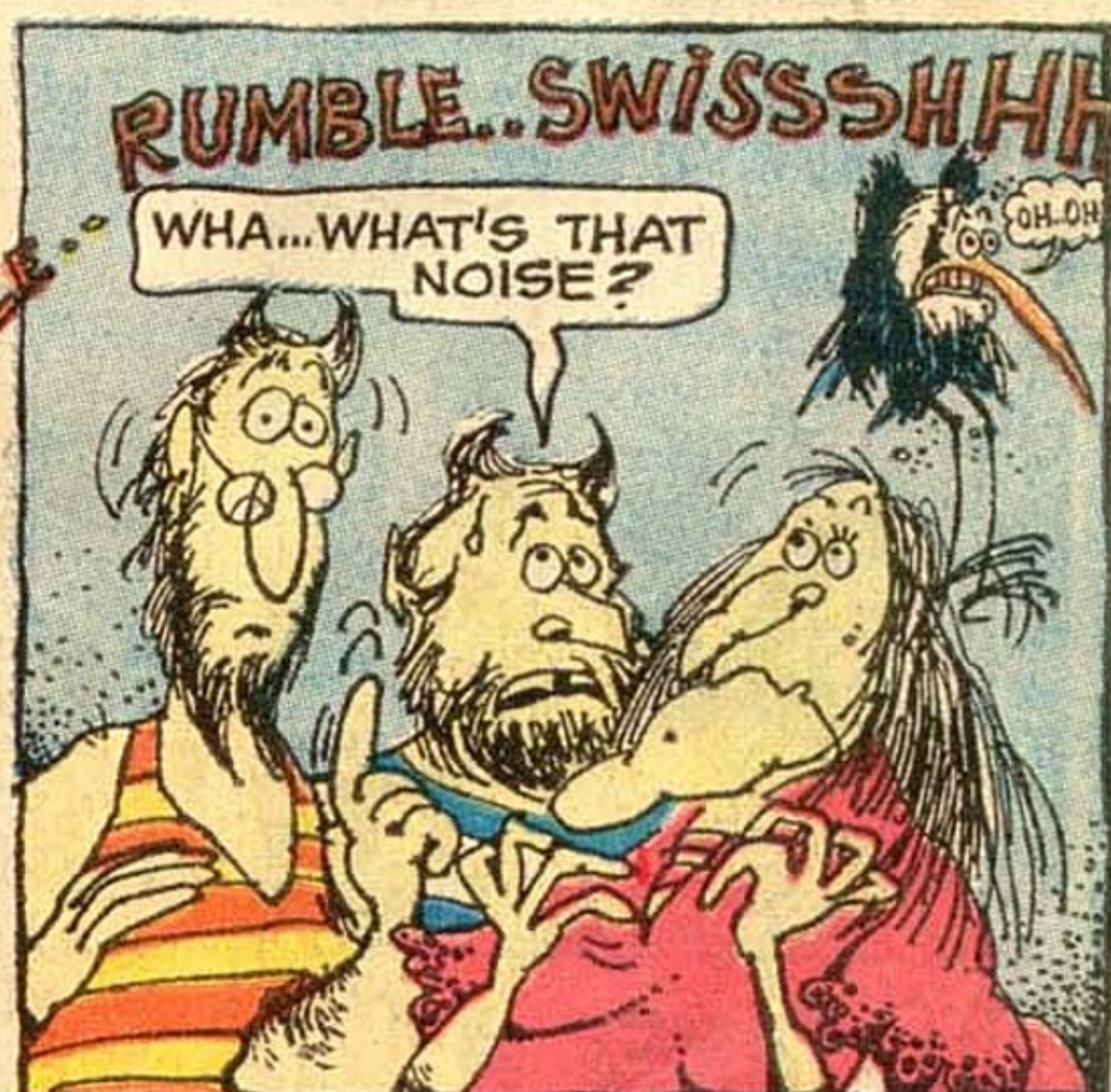
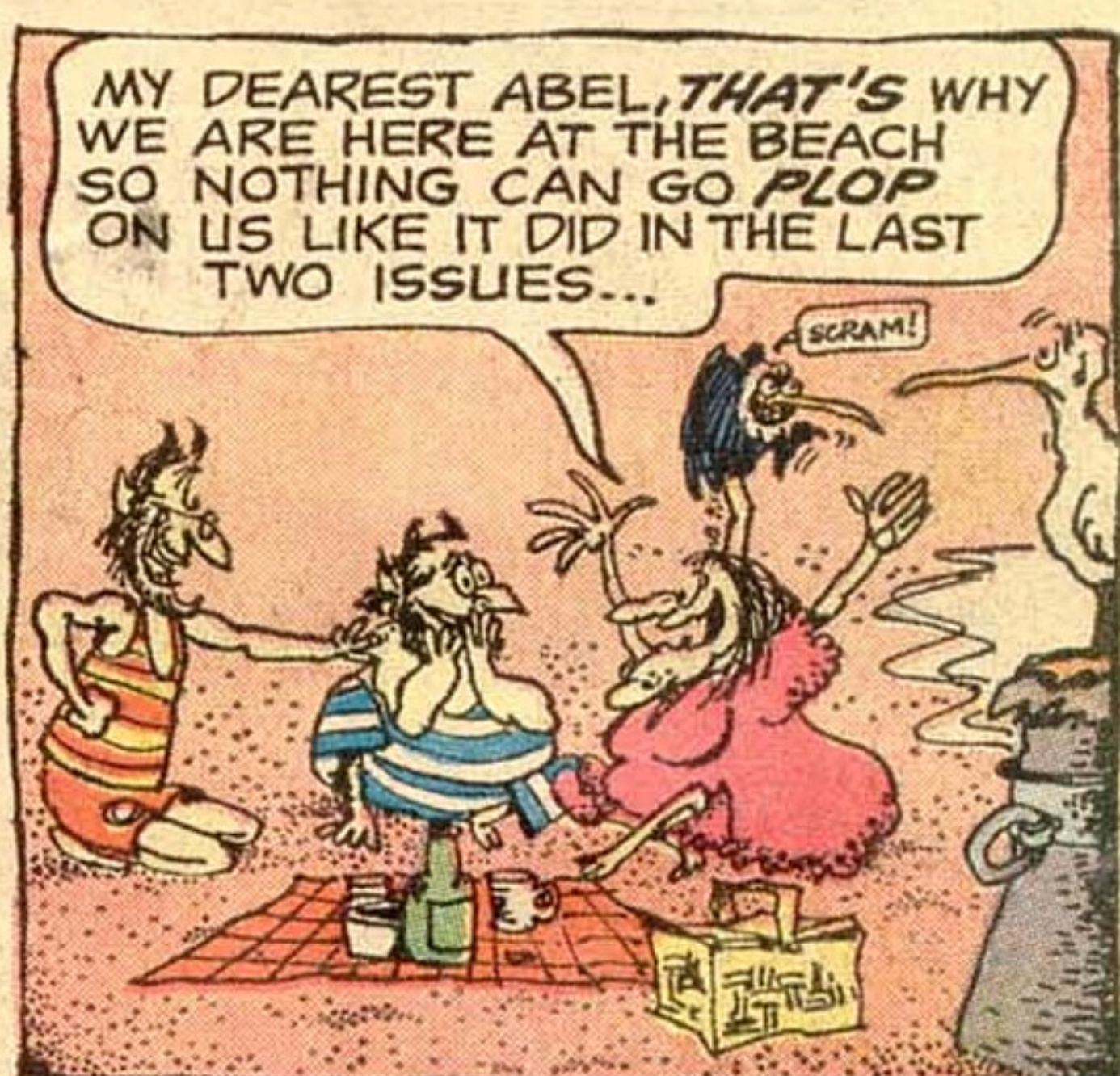
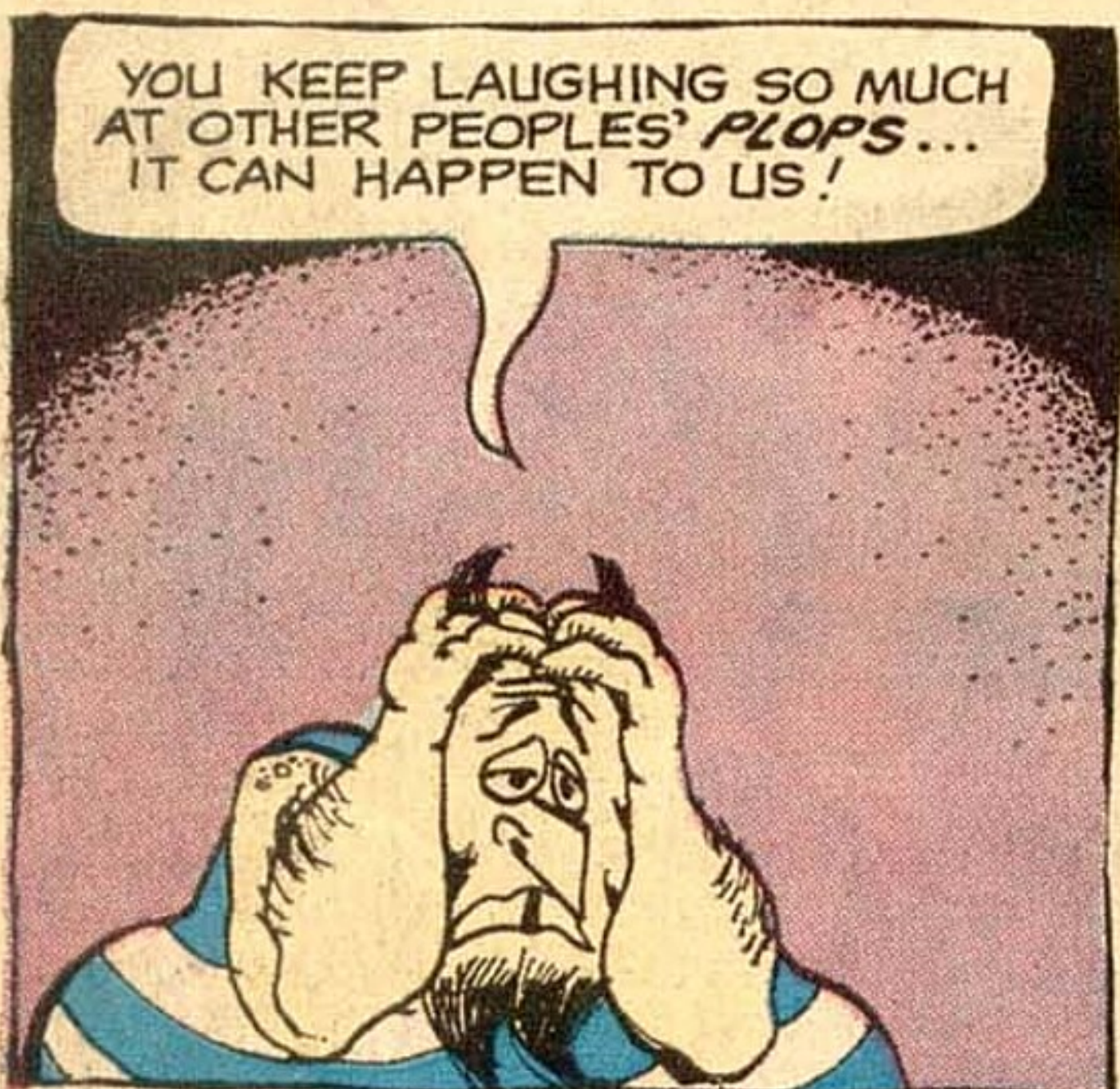
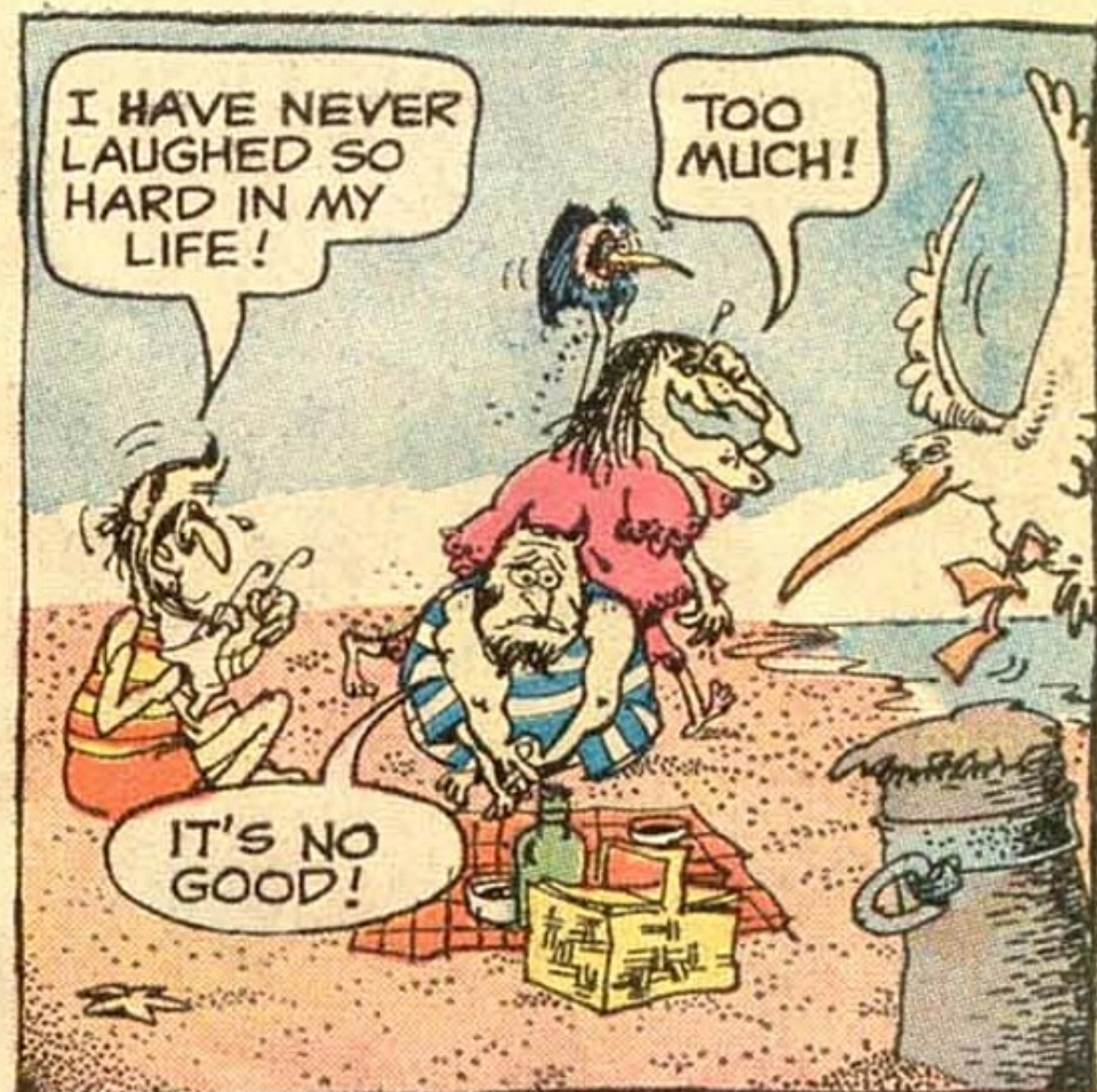
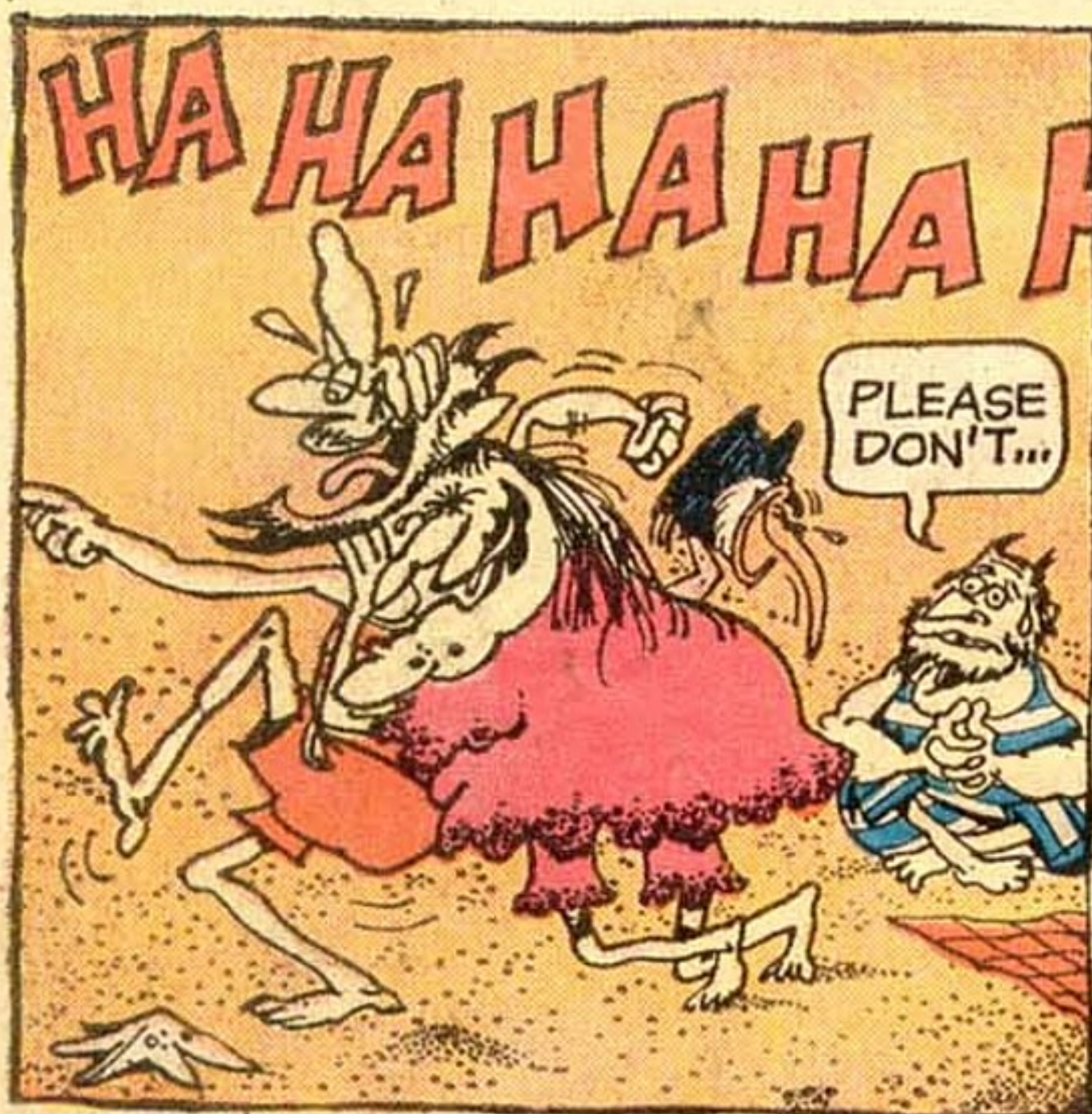
A NICE LIVE ROOSTER FOR A REAL NICE LADY.

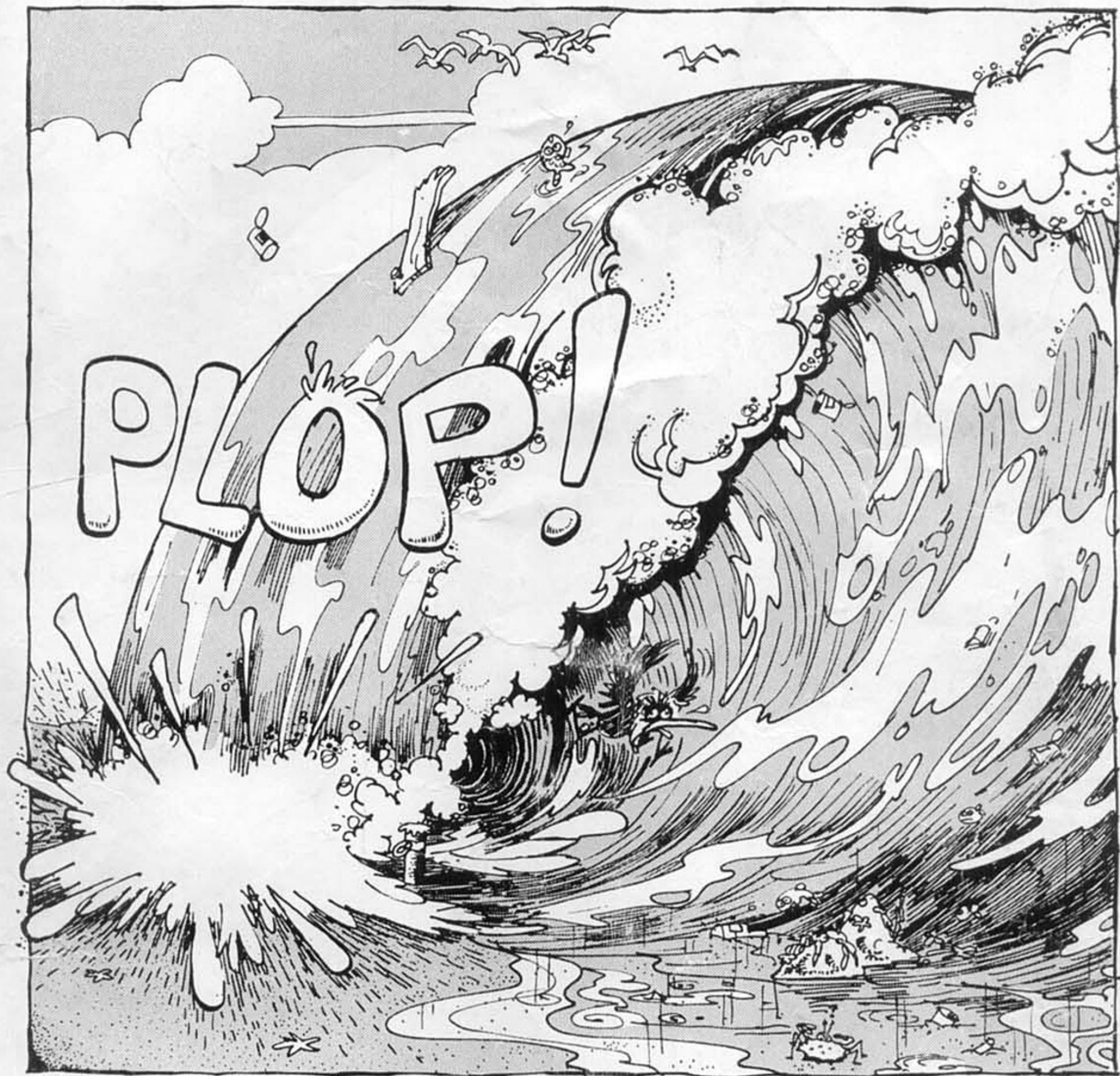
TEE-HEE... YOU'RE SUCH A FLATTERER, MR. BUTCHER.



AND IF YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW MISS TIBBS' NEW LANDLORD, BETTER WARN HIM ABOUT DISPOSSESSING HER.

DC TAKES A GIANT STEP FOWARD IN '74!





I GUESS WE SHOULD HAVE LEARNED OUR LESSON BY NOW... IT CAN HAPPEN ANY TIME... ANY PLACE... SO... DON'T WISH ANY... ER... **PLOPS** ON PEOPLE... THEY CAN BE WISHED UPON YOU, TOO!... AND MOST OF ALL DON'T LAUGH AT OTHER PEOPLES'... ER... **PLOPS**... **IT CAN** HAPPEN TO YOU... SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE...

I KNEW IT!

THE END.

